THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume VIII | New York, Wednesday, June 6, 1928 | Number 5

CONTENTS

Beyond Freedom 113
Week by Week 115
The Farmers Finesse 118
The Lay Pulpit 119
The Foreign Legion....Leighton H. Blood 120
Can a City Man Be President?.....
George William Douglas 123
Trials of a Taleswoman....Patricia Crosby 125
Afterward *(verse)*.....Violet Alleyn Storey 126
Postlude for a Book.....Michael Williams 127
Manoel de Oliveira Lima....Thomas Walsh 129
The Challenge of the Theatre, I.....
R. Dana Skinner 130
Poems.....John Desmond Sheridan, Mary Kay Pangborn, S. C. N., George Elliston, Francis Beauchesne Thornton, Louise Crenshaw Ray 132
Books....Bertram C. A. Windle, Roderick Gill, William Franklin Sands, John A. Ryan, James E. Tobin, Joseph J. Reilly, E. V. O'Hara, Anna McClure Sholl 133
The Quiet Corner..... 139

BEYOND FREEDOM

LIBERTY is the only thing our time identifies with the absolute. Our fathers have freed themselves of so much bondage, shattered so many chains, that the conquest of further permissions to do as we please seems a necessary goal. No doubt this orientation toward freedom is productive of good things. The right and the power to choose are the most illustrious of human properties. And when the choice is simply a refusal to accept tyranny or injustice, heaven steels the protesting arm. There are barriers men cannot surmount, and yokes they must bear. But there are also forms of doom to which the children of Adam must never consent to enslave themselves—constraints and burdens which dim in their souls the consciousness of what it was immemoriably determined they should be. Against these violations of the inviolate the collective voice of Christendom, whenever it has spoken clearly and loyally, has cried out as firmly as Amos, prophet of Israel.

Curiously enough, however, the expression which contemporary intelligence often gives to its desire for freedom is rich with concessions to tyranny. We here differ with the Marxian socialist, not because he demands that working people cease to be "wage slaves," but because the mechanism with which he wishes to pry them loose is a treadmill. We agree that a great deal can be said in favor of liberating men from the evil of drink through legislation, but we must not therefore de-liberate ourselves into other evils. Similarly, it is more than a bit grotesque to find that, in the attempt to free the family of its burdens, Americans have almost arrived at the point of abolishing the family. In short, there is about all these details of the liberty program an extraordinary something—a chameleon quality—which changes the escape into bondage. One cannot overlook this for the very simple reason that the whole world is conscious of it and talks about it continually.

The world might well be conscious, for instance, that something is radically wrong with a liberal effort to "educate the Indian" in Mexico which begins by denying that Indian's right to make up his mind about God. It realizes that the liberalistic views of modern Europe must have been inchoate, basically so, in order to have made possible the genesis of the outstanding contemporary dictators. But precisely what is the matter? Is the universe so designed that all things turn out badly? Well, the universe is admittedly difficult to account for. It certainly does not exist to cater unto the whims of any one individual. Nothing indicates that it smiles kindly upon some particular group. It has been said, by people who looked into

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the matter rather carefully, to bear a grudge against the human race. At any rate, the universe as such is obviously not hurrahing for the liberty of mankind.

Nevertheless the barriers of which we are so conscious are not cosmic. Everyone of them can be traced to a human origin, every one is the product of an idea. Of certain among these the Sovereign Pontiff of Christendom speaks in his recent encyclical: "We have seen divine and human rights trodden under foot by nations, temples destroyed from their foundations, and priests and religious women evicted from their houses, imprisoned and subjected to persecution. We have seen young boys and girls dragged from the bosom of the Church, urged to deny Christ and to blaspheme against Him and led to the worst sins of luxury. We have seen whole peoples threatened, oppressed and left in continual danger of apostasy from their faith or of atrocious death." Thus are summarized leaves from a history we have all been turning recently. And while the world stood by, busy with other things or unable to come to any conclusion about these, a definite kind of "crusading for freedom" was in progress. This the Holy Father terms "insatiable longing for earthly goods, unbridled predominance of civic interests, ardent search for popular favor."

That the heart of the Church, mystical body of Christ, should be deeply wounded at the sight of the contrast here displayed, goes without saying. For there is at stake not only a number of ecclesiastical advantages or properties, not merely even the sacred rights of men living under particular conditions (in Mexico or Russia) but verily also the ideal of freedom which during 2,000 years has made over the world in the name of Jesus. The world today bows to three kinds of might: military force, financial strength and public opinion. Of these three, only the third is of ultimate importance. It can determine the use of the first and modify, at all events, the second. Upon its exercise depends, to a constantly increasing extent, the ability of virtue to influence the decisions of political authority. And what can the Christian, the Catholic in particular, say when he finds this intangible but omnipresent force indifferent to a spiritual catastrophe like that which now engulfs Mexico, and (on the other hand) eager to promote the collapse of the discipline upon which religious life depends? One picks up a book and finds it licentious, smiling indulgently upon adultery and varied other forms of lust. Verily here, one says, is the sale of a totally different kind of indulgence from that which the excited brain of Luther thought was being marketed in the Germany of his time! And then one notices that millions—literally millions—of words are exhausted in the effort to promote the merchandising of this thing, while an enormous silence, disrupted here and there by a muffled outcry from the scene of pain, tells the story of the Calvary of a people, beaten to the ground and trampled upon because they had ventured to enshrine liberty in their souls.

Perhaps this sharp and saddening contrast is for us a trial out of which blessing shall flow. It can remind us once again of what the privilege of freedom really is. For Christians, the possibility does not exist of giving away anything that is essential—courage, knowledge of good and evil, fidelity. These must be defended against whatever odds. But quite evidently we protect them not because they are burdens but because they are guarantees of freedom. And what is this liberty itself? One finds the answer expressed fully and vigorously by Romano Guardini, to whose eloquence so many in modern Germany have responded. "We have not fathomed the meaning of the word 'free,'" he says, "when we have said that it signifies absence of compulsion from without, or the right to choose according to our own desire between several possible courses of action. It is, indeed, a term which cannot easily be explained in a sentence. Notice that every one of us bears within himself a primal image of his nature—the Divine idea, in which the intention of the Creator was expressed. This is not merely the universal image of human being, but also all of that which constitutes one individual personality. No man can be twice. Every man is unique. And so freedom means: that the particular character of each personality come to the fore and determine being and doing; that man act in conformity with what he essentially is, not with constraint but with native spontaneity; that he live by expanding the Divine idea incarnate in him; and that he be what his Creator willed he should be." In other words, the attitude of liberty is not properly rebellion but acceptance—acceptance which, however, is not imposed from without but developed from within. It is the attitude of growth toward the full flowering, the maturity, which is permitted us by celestial decree, in a garden radiant and immortal, where all should be beautiful and strong. It is, in the ultimate analysis, liberty to live.

Such is the Christian heritage of liberty. Yet it had scarcely been announced to humanity when the forces of this world began to conspire against it. Sometimes the forces of constraint were economic and financial in character, so that millions lived in serfdom of body and soul. Again they were spiritual, proclaiming the right of authority to curb the sovereign choice of man. Finally they were soft and alluring invitations to surrender the happiness of expression for the pleasures of assimilation—to exchange Saint Francis for Omar. Perhaps the impact of these things upon the high resolve of the Christian is no heavier now than it has been throughout the centuries. But that the struggle is fierce, is a fact of which the Sovereign Pontiff reminds us once again. From time immemorial sustenance in this battle has come from the source pointed out anew to us—from the accession, through prayer and meditation, of that strength from beyond which is, to the individual spirit as to collective mankind, the fuel by which all goodness is stirred and every dire thing cleansed away.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1928, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH — MARY KOLARS
HENRY LONGAN STUART — GEORGE N. SHUSTER

JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS — JAMES J. WALSH
CARLTON J. H. HAYES — R. DANA SKINNER
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

United States: $5.00 — Foreign: $6.00
Canada: 5.50 — Single Copies: .10

WEEK BY WEEK

TO WHAT extent international public opinion is likely to be aroused by the Mexican persecutions is purely a matter of conjecture. The temper of the correspondence printed by the London Daily Express in the wake of Mr. J. W. T. Mason's articles is an indication of wide-spread suspicion by Englishmen of ecclesiastical motives—a suspicion of the same old kind Newman tracked down years ago. By comparison the motion to express condemnation of the Mexican government, introduced into the Irish Parliament by Senator Toal, was passed with an alacrity which might have been anticipated but which made its point effectively none the less. On the continent something like a wave of indignation has begun to rise. A great meeting in Vienna and a session of the Reichstag have considered the question. More important, however, is the document recently issued by a group of French intellectuals and bearing the signatures of prominent scholars and writers living in diverse countries. Not all the sponsors are Catholics, and one observes with special pleasure that several popular French Jewish authors have not hesitated to append their names.

THIS pronouncement, which appeals to the papal statement on Mexico secured by Mr. Michael Williams and to the comment of Mr. Bernard Shaw that followed, makes a straightforward and significant declaration which we pass on to our fellow-citizens for their earnest meditation: "We, Catholic writers of France, because of our own knowledge, the judgment of the Pope and the reasoned condemnation of one of the most independent thinkers of the contemporary world, think we may request all our confrères, regardless of differences in language, nationality, belief or disbelief, to join us in a solemn protest—for it is not yet too late—against the systematic and murderous violation of the natural rights of man perpetrated in Mexico, because of hatred of Catholic faith and morals, during the past three years." For ourselves, having appealed almost in vain to our thoughtful American fellow-citizens for nothing more than a frank appraisal of the evidence, we can only hope that the answer given by Europe to this new French demand will be loud and forceful enough to rouse in our country something like a sense of shame.

FORCEFUL enough, meanwhile, is the opinion expressed in the Irish Parliament by Sir Nugent Everard, who spoke "as a Protestant": "I think it is the greatest outrage ever committed that religious liberty should not only be interfered with, but that the Christian faith should be practically stamped out, as far as cruelty, murder and torture of all kinds serve that purpose. I have been wondering why so many Catholics in the United States, so many Christians of other denominations, who, I believe, following the law of the country, would object to any force being used by any country in the world to interfere in American affairs, do not take up the case in real earnest. I cannot help thinking that when these horrors, if they are true, receive full publicity, action will be taken by those who are really earnest in religious matters in the United States. And all we can do is to express our highest approval of such action on their part."

THE applause which Mr. Kellogg's plan to outtreaty war has received on its tour of the world is to be accounted for, perhaps, by its strong appeal to current political psychology. Here is no original idea, only a novel directness in proceeding to conclusions. Nations have banned some wars through treaties, wherefore they ought to rule out all wars through treaties. British and European statesmen, familiar with the way of the world, may well remember that under such and such conditions the most amiable of treaties are only part of the deck out of which the house of cards is built. It so happens, however, that almost every living citizen, instructed by catastrophe, wants desperately to put handcuffs on Mars. Secretary Kellogg's tactics are the simplest and most direct yet devised. Therefore the Archbishop of Canterbury, addressing the House of Lords, terms it "one of the most remarkable events in the history of civilization," and therefore Sir Austin Chamberlin, merging his own wish in the desire of the people, accepted the proposal in essence and invited the dominions to do likewise. It is even rumored that in the event of failure to put through a multilateral treaty, Britain will seek to put the same kind of agreement into effect between itself and the United States.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STRONGLY as one hopes for the prevalence of this idea, there is no way of ignoring the obstacles. It is by no means certain, for instance, that the United States Senate could ratify the treaty without provoking a perilous and possibly disastrous discussion of the Monroe Doctrine. For France, on the other hand, the obligations inherent in the League structure are of unforgettable importance. The close of the war brought to Great Britain an imperial organization unendangered by any threat from without. English statesmen have faced great stability emergencies inside the realm, have met them with very varying success, but have profited by the relative absence of foreign opposition. The French, however, are more than a little justified in thinking that their present position is almost entirely dependent upon relations with the world at large. Until such time as a potential Franco-German agreement may develop coöperation out of antitheses, the League is the best guarantee of a European status quo. Being so anxious, however, to secure the international influence of the United States, the French may decide upon a plunge which, for the moment, they quite naturally fear.

THE account of itself given by Germany at the ballot box is confusing and it would be futile to leap at hasty conclusions regarding it. A marked accession to the strength of the Left was gained at the expense of "swapping extremes"—Monarchist seats in the Reichstag for Communist seats. Here one may find evidence of the increasing supremacy of urban, industrial numbers over agrarian interests, which the last government favored. More testimony to the same effect can be found in the circumstance that the Centre Party is frankly glad, for the most part, to get rid of its affiliation with the Nationalists. Though the school bill, permitting the establishment of denominational institutions with state support, was doomed by the dissolution of the alliance, the traditional major social interests of the party can now be emphasized anew. It is possible to read into the election results a popular veto of opposition to Dr. Stresemann's conciliatory foreign policy. Much more probably, however, the voters were moved by economic considerations of paramount interest—taxes, increase of living costs, financial administration. The drift of Berlin toward Communism is also not so much a sign of the power of Russia as an index to the social misery that prevails in so large a section of the metropolis. In short, German politics seem so largely a series of debates about money that a party which insists upon other topics will find itself without an audience.

THAT the administration has deserted precipitousness in its dealing with Nicaraguan problems is evident in the State Department's painstaking consideration of a loan of a second $6,000,000. Dr. W. W. Cumberland, whom Secretary Kellogg sent to Central America to study the practicability of such a move, reports that the country is in excellent financial condition. This is a commendable first step. Washington is still wiser in being reluctant to place such a large sum where political factions can squander it to consolidate their own power. The suggestion that a financial adviser to the Nicaraguan government be appointed, who would oversee expenditures, is meeting with favorable consideration. Unfortunately this involves the issue of a protectorate. To function efficiently, an official of this kind must be independent of the Nicaraguan Congress and responsible only to the United States. Supplying Nicaragua with revenue, spending it for her, policing her entire area and holding elections for her indubitably would give a protectorate status to this country. The question of America's willingness to assume and support such responsibility should be thoroughly debated before we are pledged blindly to a course that may lead to incalculable complications.

NO MAN of our time has exemplified the research temperament more adequately than Dr. Hideyo Nigouchi, Japanese student of medicine, whose death in Africa was the result of experiments patiently conducted to discover the cause of yellow fever. The long list of investigations and results which science inscribes under his name is not a catalogue which the layman can scrutinize understandingly. Medicine believes he did much to advance its progress, and that is enough for us to know. All can appreciate and to some extent emulate, however, the constant courage of his pioneering spirit. After the fashion of any good soldier, he was not a fool seeking death for its own sake. That was just simply a risk to be encountered on the road toward achievement; and unlike the "timid average" of men, he faced it bravely and outwitted fear. It is pleasant to remember that while his achievements were relatively more illustrious and spectacular than theirs, Dr. Nigouchi's masculine soul was really typical of thousands of obscure physicians and investigators whom the task of helping others has emancipated from bondage to the business of saving themselves. Our age displays many symptoms of flaccid playing safe; its manifestoes of heroism ought, therefore, to be emphasized the more.

THE report upon our dealings, as a government and nation, with the aboriginal inhabitants of the United States, just published by the Secretary of the Interior, is not altogether pleasant reading. The fact that the problem is a very, very old one, whose persistence into our complex epoch has come to be an unpleasant reminder that there may be insoluble problems, should not prevent us from insisting that eleventh-hour justice is no less justice. The report confirms a pretty general impression that the American Indian, after 300 years, is still an unabsorbed unit in our population, that illness and poverty are rife, and that the Indian Bureau, as regards both appropriations and personnel, is the Cinderella of our administration. The Indian in the past

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has suffered rather from a thoughtless and uncoordinated than from a deliberately cruel policy. In other words, while he has been, time and time again, the victim of greed, land-hunger and dishonesty in obscure places, no single incident of wholesale brutality, such as the slaughter of the Caribs by the Spanish adventurers, or the disappearance of the aboriginal inhabitants of Tasmania at the hands of British settlers, can be charged against the United States government or its people.

THE history of the frontier is replete with well-meaning efforts to settle him on a section of the land over which he roamed and hunted, brought to nothing by some sudden outbreak which left a legacy of revenge and distrust in its trail. In its comment on the report, the New York Times suggests a sweeping investigation into the entire workings of the Indian Bureau, higher pay and an increase in the type of official whom "all friends of the Indians would like to see working for them." These suggestions are sound so far as they go. But it is to be feared they will be partial remedies, and fresh sources of disappointment, until something of the apostolic fervor of our Jogues, Marquettes and Eliots once more marks the dealings with the disinherited wards of the state of those who have entered upon their savage inheritance.

FULL comment has been given in another section of this review to the annual meeting of the Catholic Press Association last Thursday. If we return to the subject a moment it is because everyone recognizes that the convention this year took place under unusual circumstances, and because a speech delivered before its members by Mr. Louis Wiley, business manager of the New York Times, refers to one of them in language too final and unequivocal to be missed. Speaking of the change that has overtaken Governor Smith's prospects within the past few months, and the fears expressed a year ago that his candidacy might revive religious strife, Mr. Wiley asked upon what ground, or upon what interpretation of our constitution this fear had been based. "The constitution," said Mr. Wiley, "is a pretty dependable and active guardian of our liberties. It is interesting to recall that freedom of religious thought and freedom of speech and press are guaranteed to us in the same amendment. That association . . . is something of which this meeting today should take thought."

WE TRUST the line of thought which Mr. Wiley's wise words was meant to arouse will not stop short at his hearers of last Thursday—all the more so because, in the dignified address with which he closed Thursday's meeting, the Cardinal Archbishop of New York approved them as a very safe guide to follow when politics and religion seem to be in danger of usurping one another's functions. Two considerations especially suggest themselves to us. One, that the constitution, as written and signed by its founders, is an unsurpassed deposit of democratic faith to turn to in moments of doubt or depression. Another, that those who will not see that it was meant as a penetrative document, intended not only to supply an engine of government, but to create a national cast of thought, are discharging their duty as American citizens very partially, however loud their professions of loyalty.

WHILE upon the subject, it will not be amiss to turn to a document which has recently appeared in the advertising columns of the larger newspapers of New York and which is striking evidence that there are corners, not to say sections, of our country to which this democratic and tolerant spirit is not penetrating in full volume. The city of Atlanta, Georgia, received considerable publicity not of the pleasantest sort fifteen or sixteen years ago in connection with a famous case in which many believed religious feeling was carried to its tragic limit. Seeking publicity of a more profitable order today, the Chamber of Commerce of the Georgian capital can think of no better recommendation to head the list of advantages offered industrialists who are contemplating removing their concerns South than to tell them that "you save because labor is recruited from efficient, willing Anglo-Saxons." We trust that those who conduct their affairs on the sound principle that giving offense to any category of citizens is "bad business" will take note of this Nordic blast of bad taste and racial spite, more in place in some Belfast Orange lodge than among the leading merchants of one of our largest and most progressive cities, and that those responsible for the fair name of Atlanta will take steps to correct the unfortunate impression it is calculated to cause in many quarters whose trade we are sure Atlanta values very highly.

STANDISH JAMES O'GRADY, whose death has been announced, will be remembered mainly for his version of the Irish epic tale, the Tain Bo Cuilgne. The version which he made in three volumes—Cuculain, In the Gates of the North, and The Triumph and Passing of Cuculain—was the earliest and it remains the most heroic rendering of that great cycle. It has defects as a piece of story-telling. O'Grady Homerized the material; he left out the fantasy and the special humor of the original; he made little of the love themes that the old story-tellers developed with such frankness—even the beautiful Deirdre story was hardly touched upon by him. And yet it has to be said that he has made something much more like an epic than have any of his successors. O'Grady was probably the last of the Irish orators rather than the first of the new Irish writers: he had a splendid power of oratorical statement and there are portions of his work that can be magnificently declaimed—notably a famous passage in which the Irish peasant is compared to Odysseus in the house laid waste by the suitors, preparing to throw off his rags and draw his bow.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SCHOLAR of Norman and Tudor Irish history, he wrote many books founded upon historical episodes—The Flight of the Eagle, Ulick the Ready, In the Wake of King James—but they all suffer from the fact that as soon as he gets started on romance he gives us history, and as soon as he gets started on history he gives us romance. A Unionist by political conviction, he was a nationalist through his imagination, and never quite succeeded in fusing his personality. So there is something incomplete and wavering in all he has written. He was yet another of those gifted men born to Ireland whom Ireland was never able to use. He was a fine and emotional, if a lonely, figure, and as the inspirer of Yeats and A. E. he has been rightly regarded as the father of the modern literary movement in Ireland.

CERTAINLY ten years ago, no less than today, the horrors of poisonous gases were clearly understood and their use in the recent war condoned by the majority of combatants. Yet this has not mitigated the shock which the world received from the recent episode in Hamburg where phosgene gas wrought such ghastly havoc. Now France, curious about any indication that Germany is violating the Versailles treaty, demands an investigation. The explanation that the chemical was destined for commercial use is no doubt well founded on fact, although such a reason cannot excuse the criminal negligence of storing it where human or animal life might be jeopardized. This phase is a local problem that can be quickly solved. But it does not make the idea that man has manufactured such a force less appalling. One is tempted to exclaim that if this is what science achieves, the world is better without the scientist. It is not to civilization's credit that such a disaster must be divorced from the other plagues of war before a cry of concerted protest is raised. Yet if nations can be induced to pledge themselves against warfare by contemplation of such tragic spectacles, the Hamburg dead will not have perished in vain.

THE FARMERS FINESSE

MR. COOLIDGE'S dictional resources have all been expended upon the McNary-Haugen measure. The results are diverse: rural relief has become a major political issue; the Governor of Nebraska has threatened to march, after the sturdy Roumanian fashion, toward Kansas City; and the widely discussed bill has been sidetracked once again. More immediately important, however, is the query as to whether this scheme for advancing the millennium may not be bringing all efforts to effect an improvement in the agricultural situation to a calamitous halt. Such a view is suggested less by the impractical character of the proposed "equalization fee" and "bureau" than by the political paradox which the measure as a whole have perished entirely in vain.

The New York World has reasoned well that the McNary-Haugen measure is no more "objectionable" as a plan than is the protective tariff. It scores a point against the President by saying that a "sound protectionist" blunders in arguing that "the bill is not only unworkable in practice but that it is unsound in its underlying principle." The farmers, in order to maintain prices, seek to get a surplus of produce out just as industry seeks to prevent a surplus from getting in. The second has long since succeeded in developing a tariff system which has caused the government no end of trouble and must be administered by a vast corps of officials. Agriculture now wants a similar system and a facsimile of the corps of officials. To the farmer there is no difference in principle between the "efficient relief" he seeks and "protection of industry." It may be possible to object, of course, that the tariff is an institution bequeathed by historic circumstances and adopted, to some extent, by nearly all countries. Nevertheless the argument advanced by the World seems basically sound. That Mr. Coolidge spoke as he did regarding principle must be accounted for by the fact that his party has always sought to aid and promote industry rather than agriculture in all their various phases.

On the other hand, one does not see how the Democrats could possibly subscribe to the McNary-Haugen measure in practice or principle. Acceptance of it would, ipso facto, be assent to protection, and traditionally speaking Democracy has been anti-protectionist. At present there exists some reason for believing that the hope of winning a campaign might induce the delegates assembled in Texas to applaud the measure. But that would obviously imply, first of all, a complete change of attitude. In the second place, the contemporary resurgence of Democracy is due to its grip upon certain strong urban centres, notably New York; and who does not see that in agreeing to bolster up the prices of agricultural produce, these sections of an industrial population would be voting against their own interests?

A party which, in our time, commits itself to agriculture is—however unfortunate that may be—dooming itself to the status of a minority faction. That has been proved recently in Germany, where a government which manipulated taxes in favor of the farmers was overwhelmingly defeated. France, for all the strength of its peasant class, displays the picture of a nation ruled by the will of its factory towns. Results in the United States cannot, in the long run, be different. We here believe that nothing is more important than the development of agriculture, and we think we are sufficiently "social minded" to desire that all sacrifice something for the prosperity of all. But we confess our inability to see how a measure which, like the McNary-Haugen bill, falls foul of the nation's political convictions and demands an amount of technical resourcefulness that does not exist, can commend itself to unbiased citizens or even to the farmers themselves.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LAY PULPIT

CATHOLIC journalism is no Jonah's gourd. It would be more exact to compare its phenomenal growth within recent years to the mustard seed, which, from quiet and modest beginnings, attained a growth and consistency permitting it to become a resort for the freest and shyest of all creatures. Even today, when the development of the Catholic press is no secret, and when it is participating in the remarkable attention paid to religious matters by thinkers of all schools, it will probably surprise many to hear that today, in America alone, a reading public of over six million is catered to by an aggregate of 294 periodical items which make no secret of their spiritual allegiance.

In contrast to many other of the more recent branches of the printed word, which are a development, almost automatic, of conditions demanding a mouthpiece, it has to be recorded that, in its beginnings at least, the Catholic press was a triumph of personality. A great many trenchant pens and a great many vigorous minds, that possibly today might find a wider public ready to heed what they had to say, were forced by public indifference into mediums that might not inaptly be termed obscure. The arrangement was not without attendant disadvantages. The Catholic editor, old style, would have favored the French proverb, often quoted by M. Anatole France: "No sting—no honey." In an article upon the work of the Catholic Press Association, written as an introduction for its annual meeting last Thursday, Mr. Simon A. Baldus, its president, tells us that the old-time editors not infrequently "turned their weapons against each other. It was not uncommon for one Catholic editor to abuse and scathingly castigate some brother editor; and the one attacked would reply in kind the following week."

Only the unashamed "laudator temporis acti" will regret the passing of this polemical phase. No doubt it produced many examples of racy and pungent English beside which the more courteous comment of today may seem to lack savor. But it is the misfortune of the fighting editorial that it perishes with interest in the incident that provoked it. With so many problems outside the fold, calling for the estimate that Catholic pens could unite to supply, it was inevitable that a more serene and more corporate phase should overtake Catholic journalism, and thereby increase its effectiveness immeasurably. For devotion had been paid to the editorial department at the expense of the news columns. "The organization of the Catholic Press Association," said Mr. Baldus, "gave the death blow to the lingering vestiges of internecine combativeness . . . by bringing Catholic editors into friendly and cordial relations with each other. But a still greater change took place through the instrumentality of the Association. In the pioneer days when Catholic editors were prone to attack each other editorially, they paid more attention to the writing of brilliant and caustic editorials than they did to editing the rest of their papers." And, as a result, "the news they printed was of an indifferent kind."

The change that has taken place today, largely through the instrumentality of the National Catholic Welfare Conference Press Bureau, hardly needs to be stressed. Very little news of interest to members of the Universal Church today slips through the net woven by the news-collecting service whose initials are familiar in every great newspaper.

It is no reason, because much has been accomplished, that our eyes should be closed to fields in which much remains to be done. Organs of comment, weekly or monthly, upon which pours the wealth of information obtained for them from all quarters of the world, have what might be called a selective function. And it is not altogether an easy one. As repute accrues to them, they are likely to find themselves units of liaison between two groups, one for which Catholic doctrine and Catholic practice are affairs almost of second nature; another which has little respect for the dogmatic view, but is amenable to any exposition couched in language that does not smack too plainly of another (and of course better) world. Moreover it is inevitable that as time goes on and their position becomes defined, they should attract to their columns the literary production not alone of writers not heretofore associated with a lay apostolate, though Catholics by birth and tradition, but a good deal of work from men and women of other spiritual allegiances, whose shyness to address a Catholic audience on first and last things is best overcome by an ambient at least approaching "belles-lettres."

To say all this is not so much to state a problem, as to illustrate once again the infinite variety (a variety, be it said, reflecting universality) of which Catholic journalism is susceptible, and which it should foster rather than ever consent to lose. In estimating its diffusion it is often forgotten that Catholic magazine circulation is of what might be called an intensive order. Catholic periodicals, weekly or monthly, are read, as Mr. Baldus well puts it, "in about four million homes, not only by one, but by several members of the family. Their varied contents, digested and pondered over, are bound to leave an impression on the minds of readers." To supplement the sermon, to render dogma gracious, to expound the liturgy, to make the Catholic, often isolated and depressed, realize of how great a city he is citizen, is a task that is not even optional. It is incumbent upon all who have ever felt, breathing upon a natural talent for languages, the afflatus of the Divine Spirit, or those courageous souls in whose nostrils action is the breath of life and who hold, with Louis Veuillot, that "the real battle is the battle of ideas with ideas." One of the most saintly of the Pontiffs has told us that "in vain will you found missions and build schools if you are not able to wield the offensive and defensive weapons of a loyal Catholic press."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FOREIGN LEGION

By LEIGHTON H. BLOOD

EARLY last year, Count de Sartiges of the French Embassy at Washington and I had a long talk about the French Foreign Legion and the current fiction and cinema productions showing the supposed life of the Légionnaire. The outcome of this discussion was the suggestion that I join the Legion, serve with it, and write just what I saw and heard.

Count Sartiges communicated with the Quai d'Orsay, and at the same time General Dumont, military attaché, wrote to the French Minister of War, at Paris. Within a few days word came back that the plan was approved, and General Dumont prepared credentials for me to proceed on my mission.

In Paris the Second Bureau of the War Ministry, which is the military intelligence section, approved me. They knew that I had been an officer in the American army, and still held a reserve commission, but asked that I tell only the truth of what I observed. Minister of War Painlevé signed my orders to the Légion Etrangère, which were that I was to report to General Vidalon, in command of troops of occupation in Morocco, and that he would assign me to some regiment on active campaign.

I went by air from Toulouse to Rabat, Morocco, making the trip in one day. On reporting to General Vidalon he asked me what regiment of the Légion—there are four infantry and one cavalry regiment in this corps of 24,000 men—I wished to join. I left that decision to him, and to my surprise and joy his chief of staff assigned me to the fourth regiment, with base at Marrakech, in the High Atlas mountains, and on active service in what might well be called back of beyond, in a country that has not changed since biblical times and where the Legion are the only white men to have penetrated. Later I was with the famous first regiment, in Sidi-Bel-Abbes, Algeria, completing a view of the Légion Etrangère from outpost to garrison.

So much bunk has been written about the Légion Etrangère and the movies have contributed such outlandish scenarios of this famous and least-known body of fighting men, that it is hard to know where to begin to describe just what the Légion is, how it lives, the type of men that make up its personnel and their life in garrison and at the front. The history of the Légion Etrangère from its organization in 1830 to 1928 is one of valor, sacrifice and empire building. Just as the Roman legions built empires so does the Légion Etrangère. But the empires of the Légion Etrangère, save that of the ill-fated Maximilian in Mexico, have been builded so that they have stood for nearly a century and stretch from the Atlantic to the swamps of Indo-China.

Enlistments in the Légion are entirely voluntary. The period of service is five years. A bonus of 500 francs—about $20.00 at present exchange—is given the recruit the day after he reaches Sidi-Bel-Abbes—simply called Bel-Abbes in the Légion. A second 500 francs is given him when he finishes training at Saida.

The pay of the recruit while he is training for four months is the same as that of the French soldier, ninety centimes a day. After the training period he is shipped to Morocco or Syria, and his pay becomes four francs a day, more than three times that of the French soldier in France. After eighteen months his pay doubles, and the longer he remains in the Légion the more money he receives. After fifteen years a soldier may retire with pay, and he will be given preference in all government civilian positions.

There is one recruiting station of the Légion, started since the war, at Metz. This post takes care of the Germans who wish to enlist. At the present time the enlisted ranks of the Légion are 60 percent German, many being former officers and non-coms in the imperial German army. Most of the Légion non-coms are Germans, for they are natural soldiers. All French recruiting officers will accept Légion recruits who are physically, mentally and morally fit, and are between twenty-one and forty years of age.

I have stated the above to give an accurate understanding of the Légion Etrangère. The popular novelist and movie has given the idea that it is composed of criminals and nondescripts. That is incorrect, just as it would be to say that in any 24,000 soldiers the world over those types would not be bound to creep in. But none is enlisted if there is any doubt as to his civilian status. It is not uncommon to see members of the Sûretè come to Africa and pick out some man who is wanted. The Légion gladly gives him up, contrary to fiction, for the Légionnaire is proud of his untarnished colors and the men who compose the corps. Every effort, however, is made to look up the recruit, even at great expense, before he is accepted. The following in the New York World, in March of this year, is a good example of the truth of this statement:

> Chicago, March 17: George W. Anderson, former teller of the Calumet National Bank, under indictment for the forgery and embezzlement of $125,000, made a mistake when he tried this week to enlist from Paris in the French Foreign Legion. The French Army authorities discovered that Anderson had landed only last week and soon found out his identity. The Paris police will hold him for extradition.

What could prove a point better? This check is made on every recruit as far as possible. It works well where the recruit comes from an Allied country but not so well with central Europeans. It is done to keep out undesirables—the kind that movie and novel portray as making up the bulk of the Légion's personnel.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The night that I joined the fourth regiment at Marrakech was also a pay night, the Légionnaire being paid on the first and fifteenth of each month, even at the front. Pay night in all armies I have ever seen is a signal for high jinks. Remembering stories I had read of the Légion and movies I believed I was about to see something real in a pay night. To make things more interesting, to my mind, was the fact that the second battalion had just come in from a year in outpost and front-line fighting, and this was their first night in a city in a twelvemonth and nearly a year's pay in their pockets, for there were no towns where they had been, and nothing to spend their money on save cigarettes at the canteen, if they were lucky enough to get them in by mule back on a trail that took ten days to negotiate.

Imagine my surprise when, attending a concert of the regimental band which was playing that night, I saw several hundred of these men there. They were sitting quietly listening to classical music. And not one with a sign of liquor.

This was very strange to me. It could not happen in any outfit I know of, say, in the United States army. I communicated my surprise to one of the officers. "Oh," said he, "very few men of the Légion drink much. You will see. If they drink it is beer in the canteen. Some, yes, drink too much but they are fewer than in any other army, and those who do drink too much wish to forget something at home. Of course in America, with prohibition, you have no drinking among the soldiers." I assured him, to the contrary, that prohibition brought a real problem to the army.

Marrakech is the largest city in Morocco, and one of the largest in all Africa, and still unspoiled by tourists. So that night, in company with officers of the Légion, I went into the city. There are scores of cafés, and probably the world's largest red light district. With temptations of the Orient on every hand, I only saw two men of the Légion who showed even the least sign of having drunk too much, and they were headed campward. The next day I found that not one man had been reported in late, no new men in the guard-house, and the officer of the detail in the red light section said he might as well not have had any troops there. I was fast losing my illusions of the Légionnaire. He was turning out to be a music-loving, sober, soldiery sort of person, clean and clear eyed. Where had these novelists and the Hollywood writers been gathering their material, I wondered. Later I was to learn that by some curous quirk of fate the famous Bat d'Af—France's criminal battalions—have been confused with the Légion Etrangère, much to the chagrin of the Légionnaire, who hates a criminal just as much as any ordinary, law-abiding citizen.

Commandant H. DeCorta, who is the daddy of the fourth regiment, asked me if I desired to go to the front or wanted to remain at regimental headquarters. I asked for the front, please, and got it.

The third battalion, to which I was assigned, is the outpost in the western sector of the High Atlas, about 300 miles south of Casablanca, the railhead and port. It is what is called a dissident sector, that is, one where the tribes are still fighting or have submitted with their fingers crossed and are only waiting a chance to be at the throat of the Roumi. The pass going in was a mile high, so some little idea of what the High Atlas mountains are like may be gained by that. The title High is well chosen for these giants of mountains.

Some day when the Légion Etrangère has finished its mission in Morocco and the High Atlas are safe, they will be a great tourist sight. There is also gold, silver and other metals in abundance there. The scenery, however, will sell them. Imagine riding for miles along a one-sided Grand Canyon of the Colorado—riding over a military trail made by the Légionnaires, and today without bridges, and passing thousands upon thousands of camels coming up from the Sahara, from Timbuktu and faraway Senegal. In places the military road is the old caravan trail but military cars cannot take the short cuts of a camel.

The third battalion was at work building three converging trails for their machine-gun mules into a kasba, or fortified village, about twenty kilometers into the hills. There were 126 rifles in that village, and its smoke could be seen all day. On the opposite side of the battalion camp was a country that had not capitulated, so our only trails were to the left. Far ahead was the outpost company, sitting there looking outward over the desert, which is not nice rolling sand-hills, but dirty, red and coarse stuff that slips under the feet to show shale underneath. Another disillusionment of the movies.

Between us and the regiment at Marrakech was only one connecting link, about 100 miles away. Here was one machine-gun platoon and a group of sixty Moghrazny, the native military police. Thus does the Lègion, with a handful, penetrate the fastness of these mountains.

Only four weeks before the kasba, toward which we were working methodically, had capitulated to General Huré, commanding that sector. Word had been sent out by the Caid that he would submit, and give up robbing caravans and the little mountain villages. General Huré, who was chief of staff of the famous Moroccan division that fought between the first and second American divisions in the world war, went in to conduct negotiations, accompanied only by his officer for native affairs and a squad of Moghrazny. It is thus, as in the days of Indian warfare, when trusted generals, without troops at their backs, conducted the lasting treaties between the red man and the white, that the French do business.

An Arab is a tricky person. When General Huré arrived at the kasba he found that the tribe was equally divided between killing the Roumi general and signing the treaty. For three days the village was split on whether General Huré and his officer for native affairs would be sacrificed, or a bullock. In

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the case of the latter it meant a treaty of peace with the French and no more easy life by robbery. In the end General Huré found that there was a majority of less than a half-dozen for sparing him and killing the ceremonial bullock. After he left, however, the Caid had a change of heart, and the treaty, like many others, became a scrap of paper. It was because of this that those trails for machine-guns were being pushed each day by the Légion.

Some will ask, why fight these poor Arabs and mountain Berbers? That is simple. Since time began they have lived, not by tilling the soil, but by robbing the passing caravans of their goods and their womenfolk, and the peaceful mountain farmers of their crops. These mountaineers are born fighters and robbers, and they are experts at both jobs.

Until late last summer the natives round about us had never seen an automobile, and a portable victrola was beheld with awe. The first thing that I noticed at battalion camp were scores of women, children and old men squatted around the picket lines of the machine-gun mules. I asked what they were doing. "Why," said an officer, "they are picking out the undigested bits of grain to eat. They are starving. The Caids take their crops." This was all too true, I found.

Picture, if you can, and I confess that until then I never could have, scores of emaciated women and children and old men eating from the dung heap. At meal times they would squat around the camp. A soldier or an officer would motion to one, and share half his fare. They kept their distance and when one was lucky and was given a chunk of bread or meat, there was no scramble to snatch it away. Only appeal in the eyes of the others. And those Légionnaires—those hard-boiled soldiers of fiction—were sharing, and are today, their meals with these unfortunates. These simple mountain folk are glad that the Légion Etrangère is there, and once again, under protection of those snappy modern machine-guns, they have sowed crops that they know they can retain as long as those soldiers remain. And the passing caravans know that as long as those soldiers from many lands stay they can safely cross the High Atlas. But up in the fastness of his kasba the Caid knows that one move and those machine-guns will spit at the rate of 600 bullets a minute—and what are 126 men to a platoon of the Légion?

An outpost of the Légion Etrangère is not as thrilling as one would expect under ordinary conditions. At times, of course, they are wiped out, but here only occasional sniping was in progress. The real battle was to come as the kasba was approached. The men went about their road building, working from about seven-thirty in the morning until ten. Then they laid off, had dinner, and slept or mended their clothes until one-thirty. From then until four they worked again. Not a hard life, save that it was pick and shovel.

The uniform of the Légionnaire is the surplus stocks of the American Expeditionary Forces. His clothing slip says "pants Americains" or "blouse Americain" or "leggings Americain." If you closed your eyes to the Arabs and Berbers about you might think that you were with an outfit in the American army. The ration is the same save that there is a wine issue. They sleep in pup tents and the only part of their equipment that is French is their rifles, used now mostly for bayonet work because of the many machine-guns, and their packs and canteens, which are regulation French. They still have the high collar on their ex-American blouses, but the sensible French have issued each two stocks to wear to protect the neck. The officers wear American cut O.D. and field boots, and only for their caps could they be told apart from American or British officers. The officers of the Légion are not allowed to wear these uniforms in France, but must then wear regulation French officers' uniforms.

Only at night do they keep sentries posted. And it is at night that the soldiers gather about their fires and sing. Troops that are not content do not sing. And the Légion Etrangère is noted for its singing. Perhaps it is the German influence, or maybe the Russian, but they sing most of the time.

One thing is also missing with the Légion at the front. That is the guard-house. If a man is punished there, it is in the way of a fine of four days' pay and he keeps right on at his work.

The matter of punishments in the Légion is interesting. I have told officers of the regular army about them and they cannot understand how you can control 24,000 men of every race and color under the Légion system. But the Légion system works.

A company officer—mind you, not a non-com—may punish a soldier to four days' pay and four days' sleeping in the guard-house, if at a base camp. More than four days and he must have the approval of the commandant, who can increase the penalty double. Then the punishment must go to the colonel, who can raise the ante double, if the crime calls for it, with confinement to cells in serious cases. The fine in pay goes, not to the French government, but to the company mess fund, and in the end the man gets a return in the way of the special food bought for the company.

There is only one court martial—the Conseil de Guerre—which is a general court as we understand it, and seldom resorted to. If a man deserts but does not take his rifle, he may get the Conseil, and be given a penalty of two years. If he takes his rifle and ammunition he will, without doubt, be given more. The reason for that is simple. A deserter has little chance for his life. The natives will kill him, take his gun and ammunition and use them against the Légion. Deserting with arms is the most serious offense of the Légion.

There has been so much said about the Légion cells in fiction that I want to tell what they are like. I have served as an officer at the famous United States Army Disciplinary Barracks at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and ought to know something of a military prison. The Légion's prisons are less severe than ours.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The ordinary cells are older than those at Leavenworth, but just as clean. What corresponds to solitary, however, is a paradise compared to solitary at Leavenworth, which I want to say here is seldom resorted to save for escapes and assaults. The solitary has a bunk and a window. In Leavenworth there is darkness and a floor, and from whistle to whistle the prisoner stands at attention, locked into a space where he must stand that way. If he kicks too much they handcuff him up. When I explained this to officers of the Légion they were horrified. "But in France you were harsh with your men. We could never understand," they said. "We of the Légion would not be as brutal." And I knew he spoke the truth.

The men in the barracks at regimental bases and at Bel Abbes live as soldiers in quarters do the world over. They are housed in clean, well-kept stone buildings, with army cots and former American O. D. blankets, still bearing "U. S." in the weave. They can have two nights out each week, and every night until nine o'clock. They drill and do fatigue—in fact just the duties of all soldiers the world over. They have their movies and of course their world-famous band of 114 pieces, which also doubles as a symphony orchestra—whose pianist, by the way, is a former assistant conductor of the Boston Symphony.

For the most part, the men from European countries are peasant stock or from the old German and Russian armies. The Anglo-Saxons are mostly old soldiers who like the army life, or youths who seek adventure in Africa. Their moral welfare is looked after by the Franciscans, who are the official chaplains of the Légion, and the number of soldiers who attend church is surprising to a stranger to the Légion, but a commonplace after you know them.

No effort is made to secure recruits. The Légion today is over strength. There is never a lack of new material. The life is a hard one, and the discipline, of its kind, is strict. But they reënlist right along. In the second battalion of the fourth regiment is stable-sergeant Seeler, late corporal of the Sixth United States Cavalry. "I've been here nine years now," he told me, "and I'll stick out the fifteen and retire. I would not be more than a sergeant if I had stayed in the Sixth Cavalry and that is what I am here, and I draw the same pay as an American sergeant, with everything here costing much less. I'm putting money away and when I quit I won't have to worry. I was made a sergeant before I had been in eighteen months, but of course I had more army experience than that. It's not a bad life as you can see."

Seeler is like most Anglo-Saxons you find in the Légion. Not one of them but will tell you that he knew what he was doing when he joined. He knew that he stood a good chance of being killed and that he would be in for a certain amount of road building and fatigue with the excitement as well as monotony of outpost. No one makes any man join the Légion Etrangère and all do it with their eyes wide open. As I said before the life is hard and recruits have to be men. But the quitter is a rare specimen, for the esprit de corps is marvelous to see. They are far from the movie and the accepted novel type. None the less they are the most interesting group of soldiers in the world today. I have seen many types of fighting men but my hat is off to the Légion Etrangère.

CAN A CITY MAN BE PRESIDENT?

By GEORGE WILLIAM DOUGLAS

AMONG the possibilities of the presidential year of 1928, is that events may roughly parallel those of 1828. When Andrew Jackson was nominated and elected a hundred years ago, a new precedent was set in the choice of President. From Washington to Monroe the Presidents had been chosen from among the elder statesmen who had been active in establishing the new republic. They had been chosen from what might be called the aristocracy. Four of them were Virginians when Virginia was the richest and most populous state. Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe belonged to the great landholding class at a time when wealth was in land and when the high offices were filled from those who held it. Their elevation to the Presidency was like confining eligibility to the office today to representatives of the great banking and industrial corporations, to the Pierpont Morgans, the Andrew W. Mellons, the Charles M. Schwabs, the John J. Raskobs or the Atwater Kents.

John Adams of Massachusetts belonged to the aristocracy of New England and his son, John Quincy, who was elected in 1824, belonged to the same aristocracy. And all six of these Presidents lived on the old settled Atlantic seaboard. West of the Alleghenies was the "wilderness," settled by a few adventurous pioneers. The people east of this range of mountains regarded those on the other side as crude and ignorant. The thought of selecting a President from among them was absurd.

Andrew Jackson lived in Tennessee, in this western region. His father was an Irish immigrant who died not long after his son was born. The boy grew up in the rough surroundings of the frontier. His sports were cock-fighting and horse-racing. He took part in brawls. His formal education was negligible, but his native abilities made him notable among his neighbors. He was elected to the national House of Representatives before he was thirty years old, served one term and was then elected to the Senate. He was disgusted

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with what went on in that body and when he tried to make a speech in protest, tradition says he was so angry that he could not utter a word. In a few months he resigned and went back to Tennessee, where he served for six years as justice of the state Supreme Court, using what smattering of law he had acquired to guide him in his decisions. He became a national hero in the War of 1812 by defeating the British at New Orleans several weeks after the treaty of peace had been signed. And in 1823 he went back to the Senate and failed of election to the Presidency in 1824.

He was rejected almost unanimously by the East. Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut cast their votes against him. He had only one electoral vote from New York. The electors of Delaware, Virginia, Georgia, Missouri and Ohio went to the opposition. The vote of Louisiana, Maryland, Kentucky and Illinois was divided and he carried only New Jersey, Pennsylvania, North and South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Indiana and his own state of Tennessee.

Although it had been the boast that a democracy had been set up in which one man was as good as another, if not better, the assumption that a President could be taken from the West and from the social surroundings in which Jackson had grown to maturity was regarded as preposterous. It had not been done and so it ought not to be done. But there were votes in the West, and there were the plain people of the East, who had begun to feel restless under the domination of those who regarded themselves as the better element and thought that they alone were entitled to the higher offices in the national government. So when Jackson ran again in 1828, just a century ago, he was elected. He had carried only eight states in 1824, but in 1828 he carried fourteen, namely, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Maryland and Missouri and divided with Adams the votes of Maine, New York and Maryland. That his victory was regarded as a triumph for the people was proved by the crowds that filled Washington at the time of his inauguration. They jammed the Capitol and at the inaugural reception at the White House the throng was so great that Jackson himself was almost crushed in the press of eager men and women.

A revolution had actually taken place, peaceful, it is true, but none the less real. The nation had turned its face from the seaboard and had discovered, as the old German proverb has it, that there were men also beyond the mountains. It had at last made good its boast that a democracy had been set up in which the highest office was open to the man of lowliest origins. The precedent was established which made possible the election of that rough and ready old soldier, William Henry Harrison, to the Presidency and paved the way for many a successful campaign to raise a man from the log cabin to the White House.

But this has been a precedent that, with few exceptions, has required the President to be a countryman in his origin if not a resident in the rural regions when nominated. There has been the same suspicion of the city-bred man, especially of the man bred in a large city, that the people of the first quarter of the last century entertained for the man born and bred west of the mountains. Theodore Roosevelt is the only exception to this rule and he, with or without conscious political intent, talked and wrote so much about his ranching life that the feeling that he was a city man never took root in the national consciousness.

When Jackson was elected to the Presidency his party and the nation dipped into a new pot that had been despised for forty years. If Governor Smith of New York is nominated this year, his party will go for its candidate to another pot from which it has not hitherto been thought possible to extract anything available for heading the ticket. Governor Smith was born in one of the humblest districts of New York City, as Jackson was born on the frontier. His grandfather was an Irish immigrant, as Jackson's father had been. His father died when he was young, as Jackson's father had died. He early began to earn his own living, as Jackson had done. His formal education was brief, and he picked up what education he acquired through contact with the firemen in the neighborhood engine house and on the sidewalks of the city, as Jackson got his education from the rough and ready life about him.

The nomination of Governor Smith would break as violently with precedent as did the nomination of Jackson just a century ago. The Jackson nomination demonstrated to the East that the West was not to be ignored, for it, as well as the East, bred real men. The Smith nomination would demonstrate that birth and rearing in a great city do not close the door of political hope to any man. In view of the rapid growth of the cities and the preponderance of urban population, this revolution is bound to come some time for the nation is certain to free itself from entire political dependence on the countryman or on the resident of the small city.

This change is important, entirely apart from its relation to the fortunes of Governor Smith. It is the one change needed to make the United States a homogeneous democracy, with no citizen politically penalized because of the place of his birth and residence. The defeat of Governor Smith in November, assuming that he is nominated, would not affect the situation. His nomination would be enough to set the precedent. With the growth in power of the erratic Northwest it is important that a counteracting movement should be set in motion that will enable any party confidently to go to any part of the country, small hamlet or commercial capital, for its candidates. If it has taken 100 years to bring this about, that should not discourage the friends of government by the people, for a century is a short time in the life of a nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRIALS OF A TALESWOMAN

By PATRICIA CROSBY

THERE is a great pile of masonry in the centre of Philadelphia's business district known as City Hall. Through its courtyard is the natural mode of travel from Broad Street Station to the Wanamaker store, or to North or South Broad Street, so Philadelphians are familiar with it and with its droves of pigeons, which have taken possession of it with as much complacency and only a degree less numerically than their famous Italian cousins have Saint Mark's Square. Yet for all their general knowledge of the outside of the building and the inside of the courtyard, where often a "black Maria" drives to the door of a turret stairway and disgorges its unhappy occupants, it is doubtful if a large percentage of the constantly passing pedestrians have ever been inside City Hall itself. It is a place wherein the very necessary legal business is transacted of registering wills and deeds, settling tax mistakes—the routine imposed (when possible) upon the masculine members of a family.

Now, woman has always had a reputation for curiosity, so I will not inflict undue injury upon my sex by admitting that I have never walked through City Hall Square without peering (so far as I could without being noticed) into the dingy hallways, wishing I might saunter through and examine the offices, court rooms and even the jails. Then, one day, there came a summons to me to report on a certain date, at the municipal court for jury duty. With glee I made it known to the family, where it created the hoped-for excitement, none of its male members having ever been called, in years numbering many more than mine. Outside, the news was received with hilarity and, having laughed heartily, Lawyer Number One said,

"Well, anyway, I can easily get you off."

"But I don't want to get off!"

Lawyer Number Two, reviewing the utterly ridiculous situation, assured me,

"Never mind. I know the Court well and will have you excused."

"But I don't want to be excused."

While Mr. Business Man, shocked at the idea, nodded encouragingly,

"Judge Blank is a friend of mine. I am sure there will be no trouble whatever having you released."

Again, "But I have no intention of asking to be excused. What kind of juries would they have if everybody asked to be excused? I am a voter, so therefore have obligations . . . and I always have wanted to be on a jury, anyhow."

It is likely that the last part of my argument was the only one understood. A woman—a new experience—curiosity. So I served three weeks on the jury.

Our panel, when finally made up, numbered forty-three: thirty-nine men and four women. One of the latter was a milliner with a small shop uptown—about forty-five, and a widow; another was in the middle twenties, of serious disposition, clerk in a large manufacturing plant; the third was an old foreigner, in sealskin coat and no hat, scented with garlic. Her nationality I never knew, for she never once spoke intelligibly, nodding or shaking her head in answer to questions and making her wishes known by a series of grunts. Although she did not speak it, I had reason to believe that she understood English perfectly well. The men, most of them, were a shabby lot: all ages, all types. If spotless linen and excellent grammar were the criterion of culture, none could qualify. But then, what is culture on a jury? Mark of education, truly, yet more important is the status of the men in the community, and in roughly stating that perhaps six of the thirty-nine were property owners, I am making the proportion large. The obvious reason most of them were serving was the $4.00 a day allowance, a princely sum to add to the wages their employers were forced to continue in their absence.

The court room was both smaller and darker than the courts of common pleas, where more important suits are tried, involving more money. Facing the door was the dais for the judge, the tables for clerks, lawyers and their clients in front, below. To the right of the judge stood the witness box, flanked on the right by the jury box, for the "twelve tried men and true" of the panel for the case being tried. On the same side of the court room, facing the judge, sat the remaining jurors, while on the other side of the room sat plaintiffs, defendants, witnesses, spectators, attorneys, for all the cases expected to come before the court that day.

At first I would have been mightily disappointed not to have been drawn from the turning wheel, or to have been rejected by one of the lawyers; later, rejection was a pleasure. It was sometimes interesting, usually only tiring, to hear that the defendant had ordered work done and when the materials were delivered, denied their possession, and the right of the plaintiff to proceed; or, contracting for certain work for a certain sum, had then ordered more work and when it was finished refused to add to the sum. The judge would charge the jury that it was for them to decide which side was telling the truth. My first case decided me that both sides were mendacious to a degree. Yet there had to be a verdict: which was basically at fault? With the lawyers for both sides giving convincing arguments, the summing-up would bring one to an impasse, reason for self-congratulation when one was not of the twelve who had to decide it.

Then there were the damage suits. A colored woman, returning from a party in the early hours of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the morning, had slipped and fallen in front of a large dairy and injured her knee, thereby becoming incapacitated for work for several months (or pretending to be); she asked large damages from the dairy company. Her husband was asking damages as well, for the "loss of her services and companionship." The attorney for the plaintiffs, one who derives rich profits from damage suits, put on the stand a distinguished looking physician and the questioning went something like this:

"Your name, Doctor?"

"John Doe."

"Your offices are situated where?"

"At the Medical Arts Building."

"Have you any degrees?"

"Yes." Then, in answer to another question, Dr. Doe, with a beautiful assumption of indifference, uncrossed one knee, crossed the other and recited an imposing list divulging that he had received his medical education in Philadelphia, New York, Paris, London and Vienna.

The jury was duly impressed, admitting eagerly that he was qualified to find all kinds of things wrong with the knee in question. I was impressed along with them, until Dr. Doe's testimony had been repeated in every detail except for the patient's particular ailment, a dozen times during my services as a juror; by that time there was left only contempt for a man with the education he professed to have, so betraying his profession.

In the jury room, the verdict hinged upon whether the woman had slipped through her own carelessness or the negligence of the milk company in spilling milk on the sidewalk. If the latter, to what damages was she entitled—and her husband? A bumptious young salesman from the Men's Suits in a second-grade department store usurped the duties of the colored foreman, getting opinions from one juryman, then another. There was some discussion about the culpability of the milk company and about the slippery qualities of milk when misplaced. Had the woman fallen because of liquid refreshment at the party or was liquid underfoot to blame? A rubber salesman convinced the doubters among us of milk's oily properties by explaining that dairy companies purchased especially protected rubber hose. Eight being twice as many as four, and the four more sceptical than convinced, they bowed to the majority and conceded that the woman be given damages, but a low amount.

Everybody sighed with relief; there had been hours of discussion. And then the young man from the Men's Suits, before mentioned, refused to vote with the other eleven, although he had previously argued for their decision. He named a sum four times higher, insisting that the woman be given that and her husband a substantial amount besides. The colored foreman, hitherto favoring a small sum, seeing the arrogant one adamant, and receiving from him flattering attention, switched his vote. A usually conscientious juror, German born, owner of a cigar stand in a large office building, grew frantic as the hour of seven approached with no one on hand to close his stand. In desperation, he too changed his vote, and as sentiment turned and re-turned in the two hours following, changed it again and yet again. The Men's Suits man, having nothing else to do and probably having had his dinner in the middle of the day, held up the verdict until nine o'clock, to satisfy his vanity. This was his first attempt to sway the jury, but not his last. Until he was threatened with exposure in court, it was his habit to wait until eleven had reached a verdict—and then to disagree.

On the whole, the men tried to be fair and exhibited good common sense. The bootlegger who bragged about his orders, the old man who had carefully concealed the fact of a very deaf ear for the sake of the $4.00 a day, the man who would give no quarter, no matter how pitiful and deserving the case, all tried to discover the truth. But so deplorably few of them were property owners or allied with property owners, the idea of ever being sued themselves was so impossible, that their sympathies were by nature and affinity with the suing, especially when the suit was brought against a person or company of wealth. Most of them would have welcomed an opportunity to bring suit themselves. This is why so many unscrupulous lawyers thrive on damage suits. They have studied the psychology of the ordinary jury.

As justice is supposed to consist in the trial of a man by "a jury of his peers," only one type of man receives actual justice in our courts today. Except in rare instances, does the millionaire serve on the jury? the society man? the business man? the professional man? the scholar? Not if they can beg off, and it is seldom that they cannot. Any one of them shouts loudly and vilifies the jury when a verdict is rendered against him and moans that there were none of his peers, who would have understood the circumstances. Yet when called for jury duty himself he seeks out an influential friend and says, "I pray thee, hold me excused."

It is not the institution which is wrong, but the individual who shirks his civic responsibilities. If the thinking man, whose thought has been ordered by education should make himself personally acquainted with his City Hall and the business transacted within its walls, many wrongs would be made right and Justice would no longer be blind.

Afterward

Candles that shed soft light upon
  Your chintz-hung rooms have guttered out.
And blossom petals on slim trees
  Beside your door lie blown about.

Grey-purple darkness shrouds this house.
  This garden where the spring is new
Trembles in silvery-green grief
  For the lost loveliness of you.

VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POSTLUDE FOR A BOOK

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

I.

TWO weeks ago, I left my dear Kentucky valley, where I was so happy that as long as life shall last I shall retain for it a nostalgia of the soul. I believe that all the places where Catholic Christians have lived for generations the normal life of Christian men: owning their own land and tilling it; raising large families that give of their sons and daughters to the service of the sanctuary; and handing down unbroken traditions and habits of the Faith, become impregnated with an atmosphere of radiant life that deeply affects even the stranger. I have known such spiritual radiations in California and Quebec, in Italy and France; but in Kentucky it was deeper and more powerful than anywhere else. For there, the old Catholic families are English-speaking Americans, and I, too, am American, and my traditions, my literature, my Catholicism, are American-English. It is true that sentimentally and racially, being almost wholly a Welshman by blood, I do not submit to what is called the Anglo-Saxon dominance. The notion that the Protestant Anglo-Saxon element should be accepted as the norm by which all other elements of the American nation must be judged, and to which they must conform, strikes me as being absurd as a theory, and lamentable in all its efforts to be realized; nevertheless, the fact that English Catholics brought the seeds of the Catholic Church to the United States in the Ark and the Dove, and with those seeds, out of which came Carroll, the first United States bishop, and the native hierarchy, and the first native priests and nuns, and schools, they brought also the American principle and practice of civic religious liberty—all this moves me profoundly.

I cannot but think it was providential. That American Catholicism should, in its strictly native origins and factors, be of the same (although an older and more enduring and a truer kind) as the other original American colonists in New England and Virginia, is a circumstance that, when more generally known and appreciated, will do a great deal to alleviate the American Protestant suspicions of the Church as being a foreign and an alien thing. Anyway, so it seems to me; and so the great English chapters of the high history of Holy Mother Church, linked up with the American chapters through Maryland and Kentucky, formed the background of my thoughts as in Gethsemani Abbey I made my retreat among the Trappists, steeping my soul in healing springs of peace and silence and prayer and working away at shaping this book about Catholicism and the modern mind.

I am finishing it under very different circumstances: at present, for example, I am writing in the club car of the Overland Limited, running through the sunlit farming lands of Iowa, where the brown soil and trees are faintly touched with the green of spring.

A sign warns me that the law forbids me to buy cigarettes in Iowa—I am in a land of Puritans. How glad I am I replenished my stock in Chicago! But I have just seen a man buying cigarettes. This cigarette prohibition must be just about as successful as the other prohibitions. Ah, the futility of Puritanism! It simply is unworkable, even if its sad, drab restrictions were really, as its idealists think, the only road to paradise.

Yesterday, I wrote all day in a Chicago hotel—going to a dance in the evening. A sturdy girl with a red hotel page's cap perched on her bobbed head at times had the orchestra jazzing it up. Somebody at my table said: "Only at a dance of Catholics would you see a thing like that." The girl was the very successful director of the settlement school for working-class girls for whose benefit the dance was given. That jolly girl's religion scandalizes Iowa Puritans, but I fancy that it makes life better for thousands of Chicago working girls. And, when the dance was over, we went to the printers' Mass at three o'clock in the morning.

The day before, I was in Detroit, and managed a few paragraphs, and went to a boxing match at night with a jolly man, a very successful business man, whose knowledge and understanding of the mystical element of religion would have greatly interested such an expert as the late Baron von Hügel. A few days before that, I stopped, and worked, in the noviate of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, visiting a young nun whose mother I know quite well, and witnessing, while there, the most beautiful of ceremonies: three lovely girls in bridal finery pledging their lives to God at the altar.

II.

Two days later I am to be in California. There I shall finish this book, at Carmel-by-the-Sea, where, fifteen years ago, walking among the pine trees, on the old trail of the padres, I heard for the first time the name of Thérèse Martin, the little French girl, in whose honor the dome that Michelangelo designed for Saint Peter's Church in Rome blazed with light a few years ago, when the Pope named her as a Saint—Saint Thérèse, of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face, whose book, the memories of her life of twenty-four years, eight of them shut up in a Carmelite monastery, made me a Catholic, and led to the writing of this book, and has produced other effects much more important than that throughout the world. No book, no life, of modern times has been so influential; a fact that might be considered by those, among whom, I am

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sorry to say, there are Catholics, who admire monks and nuns of the "active" orders, who teach and nurse and go on the missions, but who "have no use for," as they say, the contemplatives.

During this trip of mine, which is not mere wandering, but is my business at present, and is connected with the organizing and promoting of the Catholic lay movement, I have met and talked with many bishops and priests, nuns and workers in lay societies, as well as with all sorts and conditions of men and women who are not Catholics, and I have been reading the local newspapers as I travel. I have ample, if hurried, opportunities, then, to observe how this thing called the Catholic Church functions amid the congeries of disparate organizations and schools of thought, the sum total of which is the American nation. In the pages which have preceded these, I have dealt with some of the many aspects of the Church in contact with the modern mind outside the Church, here in direct opposition with and struggling against its teachings and its influence, there quite indifferent, or, rather, trying to be indifferent, then again somewhat in sympathy with it, forming very real if imperfect alliances.

And now, endeavoring to tie these pages together, as it were, by defining their central purpose, these pages written as the demands of various controversies or occasions happened to call them forth, I will state my convictions about the whole matter. First, I will put into a few propositions my beliefs as to what the Catholic Church really is; secondly, I will try (it will be a difficult task, impossible to perform perfectly, because of the protean, shifting, fluctuating nature of the thing dealt with) to state in similar propositions my ideas of that vague yet powerful thing called the "modern mind," which, today, challenges and opposes that Church; thirdly, and finally, I will, in another series of propositions, state the position of the Catholic Church in this country today, as it confronts this opponent.

III.

The Catholic Church is that visible and organized worldwide society whose centre is the Pope, the Bishop of Rome; which claims and exercises, through the Pope and bishops, infallible and divinely granted authority in defining and teaching the doctrines and the moral laws of the Christian religion.

This Church was founded and is perpetually maintained intact, as a living organism, composed, as a single human body is composed, of living cells, of the souls of its baptized members, by Jesus Christ; who was and is Almighty God, who was incarnated as a true man, at a definite point in time and space; a fact which is the central fact of human history, of all human affairs, and the effects of which are operative backward as well as forward in time.

By this latter statement I mean that as Christ was God, and therefore existed always, everything that happened in the world before the Incarnation had its origin in God, except the thing called sin, which is the conscious, deliberate defiance of the Will of God on the part of creatures of God who had been given by their Creator the faculty of free will.

Hence, the Catholic Church, in using for its own purpose all truths, all revelations, all philosophies or arts or human habits and customs which either preceded its foundation, or which are discovered or employed by God-guided human beings outside her visible unity since the Incarnation, and which are judged by her as being consonant with the deposit of faith entrusted to her for both safe-keeping and development until the end of time, acts in perfect harmony with her divine constitution.

In short, the Catholic Church is the supreme criterion and guide of humanity. All that is in true opposition to her teachings is false and injurious; everything that can be reconciled or can be made coöperative with her teachings is, in the degree of its harmony with Catholicism, true and beneficial.

IV.

Concerning the modern mind—and speaking as I assume it would itself lay down its propositions, whenever, that is to say, it consents, reluctantly and against its own spirit of vagueness and subjectivism, to become definite—I say that some of its main opinions are as follows:

The modern mind is science.

But science, being, like all modern things, progressively unfolding in its possibilities, has ceased to be "materialistic" in the odious, ugly sense of the word.

Science can and will give man all that religion vainly tried to give him, because it is true and religion is false; for the reason that science is natural and religion assumes to be supernatural.

There is no "supernature."

Therefore there is no God.

Man is the apex of nature.

Nature, having evolved a conscious mind in man, may be controlled by man.

Man, therefore, may and will remake the world in his own image.

Religion, based on belief in a supernatural "God," is evil because it diverts, at its best and highest, an incalculable amount of human energy, biological, mental and "psychic," from its true business of developing humanity and thus frustrates or impedes humanity's progress along human lines.

The Catholic Church is the chief form of the religious evil because more than any other religion it is supernatural.

Other minor, but very grave, evils of Catholicism are its opposition to nationalism; also its opposition to the internationalism that is based on scientific humanism; its practice of the principle of authority vested in a spiritual despot aided by a hierarchy of local despots, and of order and discipline imposed upon its members in the name of a non-existent Diety.

Religion is the poison of the soul.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The soul is simply the name for the finest and most powerful known forces of matter organized in that form of universal matter known as man.

The origin of matter does not matter.

Matter is, therefore it is eternal.

Eternity is merely time beginning again and again and again.

The clock of life does not end at twelve.

Personal immortality is a dream of the delirium produced in the soul by the poison of religion.

Its antidote is mass-man.

Religion's ritual and its morals may be employed (though with caution as regards morals) by science as decorations, or selected by-laws, of scientific humanism.

And so forth, and so on.

V.

I come now to what I believe to be the position of the Catholic Church in the United States as it confronts this nebulous but powerful thing called the modern mind:

The Catholic Church in the United States is, of course, but one part of the universal Catholic Church.

But, in this country as in all other countries, it is harmonious and coöperative with the valid spirit of the nation, which in its origins and its still existent ethos is not controlled by the modern mind, but, on the contrary, is part and parcel of western Christian civilization, of which the Catholic Church is the soul.

The Catholic Church is one of the main founders of the United States: through the work it did in Maryland, and because its laymen then, incidentally, established the American political principle of religious liberty.

Also, through its Spanish and French missionaries and pioneers, the Church gave to the United States very valuable cultural influences—in literature, education, art, architecture, drama and human heroism.

The Catholic Church in the United States knows that the modern mind is simply the sum of all the heresies against which the Catholic Church has struggled elsewhere, more or less successfully, since its beginning.

Futhermore, the Catholic Church in the American nation is the best possible centre and leader of a true American civilization.

The leadership of the Catholic Church, or its cooperation, may be, should be, and increasingly will be accepted by other Christians, and those Jews who remember Zion and have not gone a-whoring after the idols of materialism, and by those pagans who, because they, too, are God's children, seek after the good life through art and science and philosophy, and whose souls have not yet been corrupted by the doctrines of the devil.

The doctrines of the devil are mass-man, eternal matter, atheism.

But God is stronger than the devil.

And God is Love.

MANOEL DE OLIVEIRA LIMA

By THOMAS WALSH

THERE occurred recently in Washington the sudden death of a man whose greatness and fidelity to noble causes should call for a wider recognition than has already been accorded to him in his native land. The fact that he was a Brazilian and that his mother language was Portuguese has limited the scope of his recognition in the world at large, which it was his distinction to serve.

This great figure among internationalists came into the world in the city of Recife, Pernambuco, December 25, 1867. At an early age he was sent to the University of Lisbon, where later he became a favorite student of the noted historian, Oliveiro Martino, and at the age of twenty-one received his doctorates in philosophy and letters. He was introduced into the diplomatic service of his country by Carvalho Borges and Baron de Itajuba. In 1891 he returned to Brazil, and in 1896 he came to Washington as secretary of the Brazilian Embassy, remaining until 1900, when his official duties called him to Japan, France, Belgium, Sweden and Germany. He was recognized as—to use the words in which the Swedish writer, Goran Bjorkman, characterized him—"Brazil's intellectual ambassador to the world."

His predilection for the United States was early evinced in his writings. He was a sincere pan-Americanist, and he was received with acclaim as a lecturer in Harvard and Leland Stanford Junior University. In his latter years he returned to take up his residence in Washington, bringing thither a most valuable library of 40,000 volumes, which he presented to the Catholic University of America. The last years of his life were marked by illness from which he succumbed in his sixty-first year, on March 24, 1928.

He was a distinguished man of letters in every branch except poetry; but although, as Salvador de Mendonca states, "he never wrote verses" (which, Dr. Isaac Goldsmith asserts, "is almost a violation of the social code in Brazil") his original work, one of the most solid contributions to modern Portuguese literature—Aspectos da Litteratura Colonial Brazileira (1896)—shows sympathy with the finest emotions of poetry.

His works comprise a historical study of his birthplace, Pernambuco seu Desenvolimento Historico (1894) followed by an account of travel in our country, Nos Estados Unidos (1899) a mature volume, No Japão (1903) and collections of his lectures in the Sorbonne, Louvain, Harvard, Yale and Stanford Universities. A distinguished linguist in Spanish, French, German, Italian as well as English, the services of this great scholar may well be appreciated by his Catholic brethren in every part of the globe.

An unsuccessful drama, Secretario d'El Rey (1904); a remarkable historical recreation of John VI; his two volumes on Dom Ioão no Brasil; and a masterly work on the Historic Formation of the Brazilian Nationality, sum up his contributions to the literature of Brazil and of international life.

Manoel de Oliveira Lima was not only a great scholar, pursuing his historical studies from their original sources, lighting up his laborious pages with brilliant passages of portraiture and patriotism, encouraging the efforts as well as the dreams of his native fellow-countrymen; he also lived an exemplary life as a cultured Catholic, a believer in the ideal and an encourager of youth. He leaves behind him a work from which mighty things are to germinate, and a memory that must long be an inspiration to all with whom his wide travels and lofty services brought him into contact. Requiescat in Pace.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CHALLENGE OF THE THEATRE: I

By R. DANA SKINNER

(This is the first of three articles on a practical program for a new theatrical producing group which Mr. Skinner will write for The Commonweal.—The Editors.)

THE time has come for a little prompt action in the theatre. Legend has it that Bernard Shaw, as a critic, became so tired of seeing poor plays that he turned into Bernard Shaw, playwright, just to show how good plays ought to be written. Today we have mountains of protest against current theatrical productions—moral protests, protests against dullness and stupidity, protests that range from boredom to indignation—but they are exceedingly misty and mouthy protests. None of them shows the slightest inclination to abandon words and turn to action—creative action, that is, of the kind that will prove that fine plays, with decent underlying ethics, well cast, well directed and well produced, will find a responsive audience and by their success displace an equal number of theatrical grotesques and obscenities.

A few abortive efforts have been made, mostly doomed in advance either by outlandish personal ambition, confusion of purpose, inefficient business management or by that curious disease called "artiness." Nothing is more absurd and suicidal in the theatre than the highbrow pose. The theatre always has been and always will be a popular institution. It should vibrate with life, strike forth its roots in rich common soil, fairly reek of the laughter and struggles and courage of men and women, and become art only by the sheer magic of growth and exuberant truth. The self-conscious effort to start "art theatres" has nothing to do with the present need—and the richly merited failure of most of them only heightens the demand for radically different action, vigorous, practical and deeply in sympathy with living audiences as they are, not as they might be in some aesthetic and perfumed millennium.

Occasionally an actor will set out to be his own manager, playreader, director and what-not, obtaining the backing of friends and launching a season—generally with precarious financial results unless he finds some one stellar part that catches popular fancy. Personal ambitions and limitations imperil this kind of venture. The rarest thing to see has been a producing group which combines sound theatre sense with a minimum of personal ambition and of highbrow "artiness." The New York Theatre Guild is almost the only surviving example of this type of organization, and its success is a matter of history. Unfortunately, its viewpoint in the choice of plays differs from that of the commercial manager in only one important respect—a demand for playwrighting of some distinction. The Guild is very far from boasting any clear moral standard in selecting its plays. By this I mean that they look first of all to dramatic values—to what may be called "good theatre"—and only secondly, if at all, at the underlying ethics of the play.

As the vast majority of commercial managers are certain to continue their gambler's trade of trying to supply "what the public wants," as the self-managing actors are limited by their personal tastes and abilities, and as the only successful producing group has a distinctly sophisticated viewpoint, we have reached the exact moment when words and protests and raised eyebrows are a mere shirking of responsibility. Some duties are positive as well as negative. The only way to have better plays is to see to it—practically, which means financially—that they are produced; to provide a market for authors who can and will write strong or sparkling or finely romantic plays; to give the theatrical world and its public the consciousness that in one centre, at least, standards have some force as well as creative power and practical commercial value. This is precisely a case in point where a dollar of example is worth a thousand indignant frowns.

My object now is to state as clearly as possible three things. First, the definite moral obligation of men of means and decent Christian standards to exert a constructive influence in the theatre. Second, how they can do this with reasonable certainty that the result will be creditable and effective. Third, how, by sound business methods and the proper safeguards, they can do it, not as a philanthropy—not as an answer to one more of the endless chain of "appeals"—but with fair prospects of investment return.

To put the matter in other words, I am not suggesting an endowed project. The theatre has no such prior claim as religion or higher education. But I am suggesting—and frankly urging—the diversion of a small amount of investment capital into providing a means of good, sound entertainment to displace at least a part of the current poison; suggesting and urging it as a painless duty because I see very clearly, after many years of theatre-going and association with theatrical people, that the root of the present moral débâcle of the theatre is an economic one. Most of the money in the theatre is gambling money, seeking sensational profits quite logically by hunting sensational plays and sensational methods of exploiting them. The remedy must also be economic—a new source of theatrical capital, seeking only a basic business return and preferring 6 percent to six-cylinder perversion of public taste.

My first point has—I hope—been covered. Public entertainment, the relaxation of make-believe, is more emphatically essential today than ever. People must and will seek relief from the jangling strain of the present. There are a definite number of plays—limited by the number of theatres—from which they must choose. The Catholic Theatre Movement recently endorsed only two out of fifty-two plays reported. That presents a grotesque situation from which the only escape is to fill more of the existing theatres with plays of the right kind. Someone must undertake the task—or be as derelict as the city authorities who would let the water supply become polluted. And there, to a nicety, lies the obligation of decent-minded men of wealth to invest in a better supply of entertainment (their own families are probably sharing in the present tainted supply) with exactly the same enlightened common sense that they would display in investing in the new water-supply bonds of a city that had just been cut off by an earthquake.

The second point—reasonable certainty of effective results—brings us to a more immediate and practical discussion. And the third, to be covered in the last article of this series, will, I hope, be as clear and businesslike as the project of an industrial corporation. I have no patience with those who seem to think that theatrical business permits them to be vague. Income can never be determined in advance, any more than the sales curve of a manufacturer; but business principles of production can be applied as accurately in the theatre as in any existing business. Plays can be selected with as much care as the design

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a new automobile; their production cost be as closely estimated; the responsibility for their production as well divided between scenery, costumes, properties, lighting, casting and directing; and the sales methods as carefully outlined. The only uncertainty—public approval—is the same as that facing any business. Hence the final project outlined will be as definite as if we were talking of automobiles—despite the fact that lowered lights and a rising curtain can make the whole world, for an instant, seem glamorous.

In the meantime, we face the earlier question of what effective results might be obtained by a new producing group. Put another way, would the present-day public, fed on sensationalism, come to see the class of plays called "decent"? If they were decent in theme and treatment, but poorly written, certainly not! If they were poorly acted, certainly not! If their stories were mere sugary platitudes, probably not. But if they dealt with the wealth of themes that touch the core of living realities, whether in ancient or modern settings (and remember that even the dreamland fantasies of a Peter Pan do touch broad human emotions) and if they were well written and full of dramatic action and more than adequately presented—then, if experience means anything, they would find a large and eager public flooding to them in relief after a surfeit of present-day dross.

Remember that it was the tenderly maternal Cradle Song which proved the biggest financial find of Miss Le Gallienne's first season, turning her threatened failure into success. It was the serious and mystical Dybbuk which packed the distant Neighborhood Playhouse for a season. It was Cyrano first and then Caponsacchi—both intensely romantic and unmodern plays—that became Walter Hampden's greatest triumphs. These are just four conspicuous examples to refute the absurdity that audiences like only the raw meat of sordid drama or the sophistication of sex comedies toying with infidelities and bedrooms. We could add such amusing froth as The Baby Cyclone, several rattling good mystery plays, some downright good melodramas and a few of Barrie's light fancies. Good writing a necessity, yes. Good dramatic action or emotional appeal, yes. Good acting and production, yes. But even to hint that sordidness or immorality or sensational claptrap is the only avenue to practical success is to ignore completely the whole history of recent plays that have dared to combine decency with expert writing and production.

As I have said frequently in my reviews during the season, the one great demand of a somewhat fatigued and bewildered public is for two hours of illusion. Creeping from the pressure of modern life, people want to be led by the hand, the eye and the heart into a world of make-believe—to feel for a short time as if they were sharing the troubles or the fun of others, and so to escape from the round of their own worries or boring humdrum. If the only available make-believe is tainted, they will, in spite of all counsels of perfection, accept that rather than none at all. But the same people who will laugh at the stupidity of a deceived husband will, given the chance, shed some genuine tears at a Cradle Song. More than that (and this truth has been tested!) they will be grateful to those whose courage and honesty of purpose have made possible for them the relief of those tears.

(The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)

B. Altman & Co.
FIFTH AVENUE AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET
TELEPHONE: MURRAY HILL 7000

Fine Original Prints

ETCHINGS by:
Kasimir, Simon, Brewer, Fuchs, Soper, Hardie, Mathieson

MEZZOTINTS by:
Gulland, Crawford, Stevenson, Cox, Wilson, Greenhead

WOOD-BLOCKS by:
Roth, Leo Frank, Hans Frank, Pugh, Petter

COLOUR PRINTS by:
Brunellschi, Bentivoglio

Very appropriate for the distinctive gift whether it be wedding, birthday, anniversary, or other special occasion

PICTURE SALON
Etchings—Decorative Paintings—Engravings
English Sporting Prints
Fine Framing
FOURTH FLOOR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POEMS

Perspective

I will go up to the high hills
(There are high hills 'round the town)
And there look down
From some high, sun-soaked heather spot
Upon the tumble of the town.

And the olden hills to the back of me
Will dwarf the pointed spires that rise;
Will make the bay seem childish small,
And laugh at the city's tiny wall—
I'll see all things in their proper size
From the high hills.

And I will be
Filled with a sudden majesty;
I will remember that man's right hand
Is greater than all he ever planned.
The Master's buildings are fashioned tall,
But the Master is Master over all.

I will be filled with the joy of life,
I will take heart when I look far down,
Down from the rim of the high hills
(There are high hills 'round the town).

JOHN DESMOND SHERIDAN.

Litany

I heard them call you Tower of Ivory,
And by a cedar's name your strength was shown,
You were from Jericho a rose half-blown,
An honored vessel causing joy that we
Might understand our God's sincerity,
A Mother for each man to call his own.
Yet from those proud, high praises I have known
The quiet of a queen's humility.

"Oh Mary, pray for us!" we swiftly say,
And in the lonely spaces of your heart
Where children's trusting prayer becomes for you
A song retelling Cana's festal day,
You kneel, from all the world apart,
And pray to Him, whose heart is humble too.

MARY KAY PANGBORN.

But Still Intrepid Icarus

Ah, what is this you draw ashore
Encrusted with the bitter brine?
A broken wheel—an airman's oar!
How can a fisher's net confine
A wing whose passion was to soar?

What monstrous fate, what demon gale
Condemned it to the hungry spray?
This net has never held a prey
That told so tragical a tale . . .

But still intrepid Icarus
Must seek the sun and perish thus!

LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY.

Guess

Little leaves that dance so softly,
Dance so gaily, dance so lightly,
In the sun and in the moon
Move so tenderly and whitely:

Do you quiver to a music
Ever singing, ever sighing
To a measure I can never
Hear in living, heed in dying?

Where is it, this fairy beauty,
What is it, this gentle strain,
Waking you fantastically
To old whispering in new rain?

There must be a singing somewhere,
Unheard orchestras in tune,
Else you would not sway and tremble
In the sun and in the moon.

GEORGE ELLISTON.

Late Spring

With laughter all the village folk
Would watch her pass;
Old Mary Polk in glaring dress
With clicking beads of glass.
She, once so drab in all the years
Her father lived, now glowed
A gaudy melon flower: a rose,
A cabbage-rose full blown.

Poor fools, they laughed to see her.
Tapped their heads, quite numb
To her awakened soul that shone
After eclipse. Not one could plumb
Her spirit's ecstasy, where dim lanes flung
Out bridal streamers. Lanes long gloomed
With winter where,
At length, the lilac bloomed.

FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE THORNTON.

Rapture

I listened to the thrushes, as in May
They sang their spring-enraptured roundelay,
That made the woods melodious all day long.
And, ah, I thought, for me
How silent it will be
When winter winds have driven them away!

But now—ah! Tremulously thrilling,
This joy tumultuous is filling
My silent heart with such exultant song
That, having now no need,
I shall not even heed
(Lost in my own delight) the thrushes' stilling!

S. C. N.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Evolution and Faith

Creation, by E. T. Brewster. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.50.

MOST decently educated persons have at least a vague outline in their minds of what is meant by "evolution," "transformism," "Darwinism." But as to "creationism," using that term to imply what we may call anti-evolutionism, what is that? Mr. Brewster tries to tell us. His book is well written, so that it makes easy reading; it is well illustrated; it is well informed; and it is fair—even to the usually ill-treated Catholics; for Mr. Brewster has taken pains to ascertain what are the facts.

He has at least grasped what it was that Saint Augustine taught. Further, he has learnt that it was not Catholicism but Protestantism that started the war against science. With Protestantism came in the new, narrow, puritanical conception of the Bible. "One must not forget that it was not till after the rise of Protestantism, with its all-explaining Bible, that churchmen took to burning witches in quantity and to bringing scientific men to trial for their opinions."

There have been several "creationist" schemes, as we shall see, and, though quite different, each one of them has proclaimed itself to be the very thing enunciated by Moses. If one got down to the bottom of the fundamentalist's mind, it may be suspected that one would there discover Milton and his description, and find a picture of the lion, formed as to his fore parts and naturally impatient until his hind quarters, still clay, complete his body. That *is* Milton, but quite a lot of good people have believed, and probably quite a lot believe today, that it is the Bible. That is what Mr. Brewster calls the "pottering" view, and if he had known his Augustine a little more fully he would have known that that great man denounced it as "nimis puerilis cogitatio" when applied to the bodily frame of man.

There is another idea which the more highly educated fundamentalist reads—with no kind of reason whatever—into the Bible, and that is the idea of species. Aristotle, in his "eidos," came near this notion, but it was Ray who in 1700—A. D., please! not B. C.—first formulated the idea, and of course it was the great Linnaeus (1707-1778) who developed it, telling the world that the number of species is that of the forms which in the beginning were created. Incidentally, this same genius altered his mind in his later days, by returning to his earlier view that it was genera, not species, that were specially created. But as to his best known opinion, quoted above, "even now it is widely held and still more widely supposed to be set forth in Holy Writ."

Of course the people of whom we have been speaking, not having had scientific training, do not recognize the fact that at this moment no one could give a definition of the word "species" which would satisfy all scientific men. However, that is too long a question to open up here. Almost at the same time as Linnaeus flourished Bonnett (1720-1793) a very distinguished French writer, who, incidentally, enormously influenced John Wesley, thought by some to have been an evolutionist for that very reason. But this evolutionism is another thing than what we know by that name today. In fact it is the most rigid form of creationism. Before histology and embryology were anything but blurred sketches of the truth, evolution meant that in the earliest germ of the embryo, there lay hidden the miniature but complete form of the babe that

A *BALANCED* READING SERIES
No frills or fads

THE CATHEDRAL READERS

High quality and wide variety of content.
Emphasis on moral training and character building.
A reading method which requires a minimum of effort for both teacher and pupil.

The *Cathedral* is one of the most widely-used readers in the Catholic schools today. It is the officially adopted text in 14 dioceses, among them Chicago, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Cleveland, and is widely used in *every* other diocese in the country.

Primer to Book VI

Detailed information gladly sent on request.

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY
Catholic School Department
CHICAGO ATLANTA NEW YORK

OUR LADY OF LOURDES CAMP ASSOCIATION

A Camp for Catholic Boys
and
A Camp for Catholic Girls
(*Age Limits Ten to Sixteen*)

Livingston Manor, Sullivan Co., New York

1000 Acres, Mountain, Meadow, Forest.
Each camp located on its own lake.
Boating, Bathing, Athletic Sports.
Priest in residence at each camp.

Terms—Fifteen Dollars Weekly
No child enrolled for less than four weeks

O. L. L. CAMP FOR GIRLS
June 21st to August 30th

CAMP ACADIA FOR BOYS
June 22nd to August 31st

For prospectus and further information address

The Right Rev. JOS. H. McMAHON, Ph.D.
DIRECTOR
468 West 143rd Street New York City
Telephone, Edgecomb 5820

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was to emerge. That embryo form was in the ovum of the mother; and in the ovaries of such of those embryo forms as were feminine were further ova, in each of which were complete embryo forms likewise with their ova and so on, ad infinitum. Of course this particular theory has long since gone by the board, even in its later form of a pre-formation mosaic, and the rival view of epigenesis, or the new building up from indifferent material of the future being, holds the field. But it was a perfectly logical scheme, founded, unfortunately for itself, on false premises.

Follows Cuvier (1769-1852) the father of modern comparative anatomy, and a most cautious theorist. Cuvier felt that the schemes before him did not fit the newer knowledge, and he started the catastrophic notion, which held until Agassiz (1807-1873). The latter was, as Mr. Brewster very properly says, the last great naturalist to believe in special creation; and of his views Huxley wittily and not inaccurately said that "geologic history was like a succession of rubbers of whist, where, at the end of each, the players upset the table and tear up the cards."

It will interest the reader to know what, precisely, the finally formulated creationistic theory was. Mr. Brewster sums it up well when he contrasts it with the primitive catastrophism of Cuvier: "Its essential features are creation by full numbers, not by pairs; creation in the district, instead of dispersion from any Eden; and an orderly progress of successive creations throughout geologic time. . . ."

What of today? What is the creationist theory? Can that be answered? From scientific men the general reply would be, there is none which will hold water. That is not quite true. The Catholic Church has never "formally" pronounced upon the point. But Archbishop Sheehan of Sydney, New South Wales, in his authorized primer for the children in Irish schools, tells us what the Catholic may believe and what he may not: "The Church while teaching as of faith that God created the living things from which all existing plants and lower animals are descended, leaves us free to hold either the theory of permanentism or the theory of theistic evolution. According to the former, God by a distinct act created each species separately; according to the latter, He caused some or all species to develop in course of time from one or more directly created primitive stocks, or from inanimate matter. The Church condemns as contrary to faith the theory of materialistic or atheistic evolution, held by Haeckel and others, which denies, or ignores, the existence of a personal God. . . ."

Evolution was long assumed to be self-explanatory: it is still so assumed by many. The reason is plain—Darwin himself was, as he admitted, no philosopher, and many of his followers have been like manner of men. But no one who really looks into the question can doubt for a moment that, if evolution be true, it calls out for an explanation. To suppose that it came about by chance from a fortuitous collection of atoms in motion is a romance far harder to believe than any of the wildest stories in the Thousand and One Nights, and one which no serious scholar even hints at today. The theistic view of creationism it is open to the Catholic to hold, as the Archbishop tells us. If he does not think that the evidence justifies it, he is at full liberty to adopt any of the other theories or to turn aside, remarking that nothing can be known on the subject. And that is because he has come into the truth and the truth—contrary to the common belief of mankind with regard to the Church—has made him free.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

Poetic Leavens

Winged Victory, by Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: The Georgian Press.

Exile and Other Poems, by Theodore Maynard. New York: The Dial Press.

IN HIS volumes, A Wand and Strings, and Darkening Sea, Benjamin R. C. Low demonstrated rare gifts for that still rarer quality of philosophic poetry which to the regret of the mature and scholarly reader has been allowed to fall into a marked desuetude. In Winged Victory, Mr. Low pursues his scholarly bent, probing earnestly at the problems of life and using a very chaste and superior fancy to illuminate and beautify his philosophy. There is a difficulty in a book of the character of Winged Victory to characterize its qualities by extracts or abstract descriptions. Mr. Low develops his philosophy very formally along lines of a mysticism that is gnostic and oriental rather than sacrificially Christian. He is mathematical rather than human, and in a beautiful alchemistic globe we catch the delicate tints and iridescences which make his work purely idealistic and often remarkable.

Theodore Maynard holds a prominent place among living English poets and has long been a conspicuous figure in the fields of modern Catholic culture in America and England. His volume, Exile and Other Poems, forms a summary of his poetical achievement and is characterized by the fine note of later English singing, and the gallant spirit of newer religious conquests. There are many favorite poems included in the present collection which will invigorate anew the hearty moods of Mr. Maynard's inspiration. Exile, the title poem, is heavy with the longings of a vanished London youthtime; Rain is a lovely lyric; The Old Nun is a fine exemplar of conventual piety; L'Amor Che Muove is a poem well above the production of today; The Prayer to the Muse recalls the raptures of old Canon Crashaw. All constitute a volume of man-poetry as distinguished from the work of studios, incense-burners and embroideries of more delicate bards. Among the loveliest lines in the book are the finale of When the First Daisies—

> "And this mild vernal air
> That called you by your name, my chosen,
> Breathes on me my beatitude;
> My heart, a mountain brook unfrozen,
> Feels everywhere
> Its melting and melodious atoms stir,
> While all the small birds sing;
> Suddenly on a wintry wood
> Comes spring."

RODERICK GILL.

Broadcloth at Court

America's Ambassadors to France, 1777-1927, by Beckles Willson. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $5.00.

IT IS most appropriate that someone should record the history of our legation and embassy at Paris, for to Paris and to London we have sent some of our best men; Paris and London have been the two centres of America friendships and fears, they are the two pinnacles of American diplomacy. It is appropriate, too, to name them all ambassadors to France, for ambassadors they most truly were from the beginning, representing a new sovereignty in the world; though with curiously false and inconsistent interpretations of democracy, we refused to them so long the conventional title of their office.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The list of names challenges opponents of our system of diplomatic appointment, whether they be against "shirt sleeves" or the "career" man, for both types are represented, and of the best. "Shirt-sleeve" diplomats, in the sense of men who have never passed through the lower stages of "training" for diplomacy, the sense in which the term is ordinarily used, are difficult to distinguish from professionals in this galaxy. Which, for instance, was Benjamin Franklin, a most finished diplomat? Either camp may point to him as theirs, for he climbed no secretarial ladder, yet his broad scholarship, his scientific interests, his practical and hard business experience and his participation in the founding of this new nation, all fitted together with his personal characteristics and his wide acquaintance on both sides of the Atlantic to make him the prototype of American ambassadors. So, too, Jefferson, Morris and Monroe; Robert and Edward Livingstone, Albert Gallatin, Richard Rush and Whitelaw Reid, all men of the very blood and bone of the new nation. They had built America in person and they knew Europe. I am surprised that the author has left out all mention of William Woodville Rockhill, so intimately connected as he was with French life and so picturesque a figure among America's professional diplomats.

Nor does he place "Harry" White quite where he belongs; at the very head of all "career" men, and very truly a model for the younger generation of diplomats. That his vigorous and brilliant career was cut short by the private pique of a President, unworthy of a man of his achievements, was nothing short of a grave misfortune to the service.

Robert Bacon is likely to lose somewhat also, in the eyes of those who never knew him, by the constant iteration of his "Greek beauty" and of the undoubted fact that "everyone was glad to do him a good turn." Both were true. He was good looking, and he most certainly possessed a great many qualities which caused casual acquaintances to wish they might be friends, and suited him ideally to be a diplomat. But, in truth, what attracted people was his simple honesty. One could always depend on him to do the right thing, simply, in the obviously right way; to do things, in a word, as a gentleman should. He was a great-hearted gentleman and, in combination with his ability, he was a perfect American diplomat.

We have been well represented at Paris, with very few mediocrities; certainly no more than is consistent with democracy, and France has recognized that. The American ambassador can always and quite easily hold an honored place in France. The Paris dynasty is well described in this book.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Homestead and a Halo

Henry Clay Frick, The Man, by George Harvey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.

THIS attractively made book approaches much nearer to biography "old style," than to biography "new style." It emulates Parson Weems's Life of Washington rather than that written by Rupert Hughes. Not only in himself, but in his ancestors, Mr. Frick was exceptional. His grandfather, Abraham Overholt, expanded a small distillery into an immense factory, which was never able to supply fully the demand for its product. We are told that "the Overholt brand of whisky became famous for its strength and purity." Frick's grandmother, Mrs. Abraham Overholt, "was an admirable representative of the fine womanhood of her time, etc., etc."

At the early age of eight the subject of Mr. Harvey's biography is reported to have been "pure in thought as well as in

Modern Catholic Prose

Compiled by

THEODORE MAYNARD

AN anthology for supplementary reading containing fifty samples of representative Catholic writing. Interest, variety, and literary merit served as the basis of the collection, whose authors range from Cardinal Newman to Governor Alfred E. Smith.

HENRY HOLT and COMPANY

1 Park Avenue NEW YORK

6 Park Street BOSTON

2626 Prairie Avenue CHICAGO

149 New Montgomery Street SAN FRANCISCO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

speech, never uttering a coarse word, never guilty of a rude act and always as polite to little girls as to older people." About this time or a little later he announced his intention of being worth at least a million dollars before his death. Apparently this purpose was one of the reasons why he was not particularly fond of school and contented himself with not more than thirty months of educational training. His physical appearance was unusually impressive, as "his chest was very deep and the lines of his torso were hardly less classical than those drawn by the student of the master, Lycippus, in the famous marble statue in the Vatican. But one may well doubt that the great god matched him in nimbleness of movement; he was quick as lightning."

The most interesting achievements of Mr. Frick are those connected with the great Homestead Strike in 1892 and his break with Andrew Carnegie a few years later. As we should have expected, every act performed by Mr. Frick in these controversies was great, prudent and wise. The Homestead Strike, we are told, was due primarily to "the wage settlement imposed upon Carnegie, Phipps and Company by the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers in 1889." In the Homestead struggle the Association was completely defeated. Writing of the results to Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Frick said: "We had to teach our employees a lesson and we have taught them one that they will never forget. . . ." Although the Steel Company lost $2,000,000 during the strike, it was able at the end of the same year to show a profit of "16 percent on the entire expanded capital of $25,000,000." Thereafter, Mr. Frick never recognized nor dealt with a labor union. This attitude on the part of his hero, involving as it did utter disregard of the rights of the wage earner, does not strike Mr. Harvey as calling for any word of criticism. Here, as everywhere else, "the man" could do no wrong.

The last chapter of the book, entitled Personality, would naturally arouse expectation that here, at long last, we are to come upon a description of attractive human traits. While the author makes a brave attempt to meet this expectation, he has not been conspicuously successful. The story of Mr. Frick's business successes may, and unfortunately will, inspire emulation by hundreds of men who desire above everything else to be successful money grubbers; the picture of his personality will scarcely make a similar appeal. Describing the death of his hero, Mr. Harvey gives us this, the last sentence in the book: "Thus quietly and peacefully the spirit of Henry Clay Frick passed into the haven of intrepid souls." Just where this place is located Mr. Harvey does not inform us. One might be tempted to inquire whether it is worth while to work as Mr. Frick worked, and to make the enemies that he made, in order to reach that somewhat nebulous final end.

JOHN A. RYAN.

Mist from the Earth

Trevy the River, by Leslie Reid. $2.50; The Son, by Hildur Dixelius; translated by Anna C. Settergren. $2.00. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

TALES of the land always have had peculiar fascination, ever since the neolithic chieftain sat at the entrance of his cave on the river marge and retold the trials of the drift march. Here are two modern ones, both woven about the early decades of the nineteenth century, which contrast with almost dovetail perfection. For though they have much in common there can be no reconciliation between the limpid rippling of Trevy the River, from its source in the hill of dreams to the mouth of the sea, and the dark horizon which pressed down on the brow of the Northland saga.

In the tale spun by Mrs. Dixelius there is love, or rather fear, of God on every page; every character is almost fanatically interested in "salvation"; eternity sits like a brooding raven above the fjords, watching the peasants grovel in the shadow of the Almighty. It is a terribly real thing, this faith of the Scandinavian, buried far in the upland vicarages of Versterbotten and Rombackswall; and the superstitions which surround it are dreaded things.

The Son is a sequel to an earlier novel, The Minister's Daughter, and, as in this first work, Sara Aleila is the overpowering figure. She dominates the community, the entire district; her philosophy is summed up in the words of a letter: "Dear Son, see to it that you always have clean hands and a clear conscience." Erik Anton, the son, has both. He is born, attends school, meets Angelika, is married, watches his neighbors die and comforts them later as a minister of the Gospel. He is unmoved by each of these events, which are told as dispassionately as the above brief résumé suggests. Little space is given them; for life in the northern country is fervent, not fervid; it flows quietly.

There is little of God in Trevy the River, for the boy who bears the river's name is a consummate pagan, a river sprite, yet one who sees beauty in all things, who loves to run against the rain, to bathe in the cool waters of a flowing stream. Trevy's adventures are not boisterous ones; his life is the ease of the great river, going slowly toward the sea, arriving there tired and worn, yet happy, for as Swinburne has it, "Even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea." Anyone who has thrilled at the sight of a river-birth, who has wept at the voraciousness of the ocean, stripping the stream of its identity, will thrill at the imaginatively woven legend of one whose life was similarly strange, vicarious and wild.

JAMES E. TOBIN.

The Courteous Cardinal

Cardinal Newman, by George J. Donahue. Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.00.

ONE of the most remarkable things about Newman is that peculiar survival of his personality which wins men to worship him nearly forty years after his death. How pervasive and potent a thing personality is nobody knew better than this man who possessed it supremely in an age of great personalities. He celebrated it often, in his classic essay on Literature, for instance, on those occasions when he insisted that five-foot shelves could never supplant the living voice, the eloquent face or the radiant presence of a great teacher, and in that triumphant hour, when, his crusade for things Catholic nearly over and sealed at last with the approval of Rome, he chose for his cardinal's motto, "Cor ad cor loquitur."

Newman's personality has exercised a deep influence on diverse types of mind. Some of them find it impossible to understand him even in the face of the Apolgia; others believe his career ended that stormy night in October, 1845, when he knelt before Father Dominic and made his formal profession of faith. Others who love him for his great renunciation find him by no means easy to understand, strangely elusive, subtle, complex. Still others profess to find nothing mysterious about him and grow impatient with those who do.

Father Donahue has fallen under the spell of Newman, has adopted him as a hero, and, ignoring subtleties and complexities, presents this book as an introduction to Newman "with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just enough colorful incidents and excerpts to breed curiosity and to create enthusiasm."

While one might wish for more of Father Donohue and fewer quotations from other writers here is a worthy object and one to which the author addresses himself with enthusiasm. Indeed enthusiasm is the outstanding quality of his little book. It accounts for his impatience with Catholics who are indifferent to the great cardinal, and explains, while it excuses, his remark that Newman's being already an English classic "is no reason why Catholics should observe an eternal silence on the subject." Of course Catholics never did this and they do it less now than ever before. What Father Donahue deprecates, I suspect, is the all too wide-spread failure on the part of Catholics to know Newman's writings at first hand. In this sense his impatience is readily understood and entirely justified. Father Donahue, I suspect, believes this ignorance should be laid at the door of Catholic writers. As implied already I do not agree with him; the difficulty, I fear, is wider and deeper.

At times Father Donahue leaves one rather breathless. For example he insists that potentially Newman was a genius in music, in poetry and in fiction, proclaims him "all intellect," and laments that he was "dishonored in life, only honored in death." Some of these statements require qualification and explanation, one de-Newmanizes Newman at a stroke, and the last two are contrary to fact. These are serious blemishes. But perhaps they should be accounted venial in the light of a worthy purpose and a passionate enthusiasm.

JOSEPH J. REILLY.

Some Recurrent Problems

Rural Life at the Crossroads, by Macy Campbell. New York: Ginn and Company.

THIS book from the pen of the late head of the department of rural education in the Iowa State Teachers' College is charged with the author's intense attachment to agricultural pursuits. He reports that rural life in America is decaying. The measure of this decay is to be found in the record of increasing tenantry, accumulating farm mortgages, decreased purchase power of the farmers' dollar and in discriminatory taxation. The trend is toward peasantry but the author confidently predicts a reversal to more hopeful conditions. He bases his optimism on the possibilities which he sees in coöperative marketing and in education. "Group selling," he writes, "will make the American farmer as proficient in marketing his commodities as he now is in producing them. His increased purchasing power will enable him to purchase a decent standard of living and a fair share of culture for rural life."

Professor Campbell has a low estimate of the existing rural school situation. He is willing to characterize it as a "nation-wide failure and a national disgrace." Nevertheless he has confidence that the new movement for "farm-life schools" which has made headway in many states will revolutionize American rural life. It is interesting to note that Professor Campbell does not visualize religion as an important force in the upbuilding of country life. Perhaps this limited point of view is to be expected in one who describes Horace Mann as the John the Baptist of American education. It is the school and not the church which will integrate the community in Professor Campbell's view. This we think is a case of misplaced emphasis. It will take something more than secular education to enable the present-day farmer to read intelligently the signs at the crossroads where he now finds himself.

E. V. O'HARA.

ELEVATORS
ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON
EVEN A CHILD CAN OPERATE THEM WITH ABSOLUTE SAFETY
BURWAK ELEVATOR CO. 216 FULTON ST. NEW YORK CITY

MALVERN
Preparatory School
RESIDENT and Day School situated in beautiful Chester valley. Large estate. New buildings. Athletic field, gymnasium, lake. Classical and scientific courses of four years each. Catalog.
REV. W. G. RAFTER, O.S.A., *Headmaster*, Malvern, Pa.

GORHAM
Religious Articles of Superior Workmanship and Design
Vestments—Crucifixes—Medals—Plaques—Rosaries—St. Christopher Medals—Altar Appointments—Church Decorations—everything for the humblest chapel as well as for the most elaborate cathedral.
GORHAM
Fifth Avenue at 47th Street, New York

WALTER J. FAHY & CO.
Members New York Stock Exchange
NEW YORK
44 Pine Street — *John 4100*
522 Fifth Avenue — *Murray Hill 3700*

CAMP SAINT JOSEPH
June 29th to August 31st
For boys of 8 to 15 years of age
Number limited to 150—Season Fee $200.00
Complete Permanent Buildings. Resident Physician and Nurses. Experienced Councilors. Athletics include Tennis and Hand Ball.
The SISTERS OF SAINT DOMINIC supervise all domestic problems
Address all communications to:
RIGHT REV. MONSIGNOR VINCENT ARCESE
Saint Joseph's P.O., Sullivan County, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMP ON-TI-ORA for Girls
CAMP RIP VAN WINKLE for Boys
Superior Catholic Camps
In the Catskill Mountains. One mile apart. Riding. All field and water sports. Select membership. Catholic chapel. Booklets.
JOSEPHINE COWHEY, *Director*, ON-TI-ORA
A. M. COWHEY, *Director*, RIP VAN WINKLE
730 Riverside Drive New York, N. Y.

Popular Pamphlets on Evolution
THE SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY EXPLAINED. Price, 5 cents. $3.50 per 100 copies. Postage extra.
CERTAINTY IN RELIGION, *Revised Edition*, 15 cents at retail; 10 cents at wholesale. Postage extra.
By Rev. Henry H. Wyman, C.S.P.
THE PAULIST PRESS, 401 West 59th Street, New York City

SETON HILL COLLEGE
GREENSBURG, PA.
An Eastern School with Western Vigor
A Northern School with Southern Charm
College Women From Eighteen States
40 Miles from Dixie 43 Minutes from Pittsburgh

GOOD COUNSEL COLLEGE, White Plains, N. Y.
A CATHOLIC COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Registered by the University of the State of New York with power to confer degrees.
PEDAGOGICAL COURSE. BEAUTIFUL LOCATION
Forty Minutes from New York. Resident and Non-Resident Students
Catalogue on application to the Secretary

ST. WALBURGA'S ACADEMIC SCHOOL
630 Riverside Drive, New York City
Boarding and Day School for Girls, conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Approved by the University of the State of New York. Accredited by the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Midddle States and Maryland.

MOUNT SAINT AGNES
MT. WASHINGTON, MD.
Boarding and Day School—Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
HIGH SCHOOL COURSE OF FOUR YEARS
Affiliated with Catholic University of America. Approved and accredited by the Maryland State Department of Education and the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle States and Maryland. College Preparatory, General Academic, Commercial Courses, Music, Art, Domestic Science, Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Horseback Riding. Private Rooms with or without bath.
JUNIOR HIGH AND PREPARATORY CLASSES
Secretarial School for High School Graduates

REGIS COLLEGE
WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS
A Catholic Institution for the Higher Education of Women
Incorporated under the laws of the State of Massachusetts with full powers to confer Collegiate Degrees. Standard courses leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Letters, Bachelor of Science in Home Economics, and Bachelor of Science in Secretarial Studies.
Conducted by the Sisters of Saint Joseph
For Catalogue address:
THE REGISTRAR OF REGIS COLLEGE

Saintly Footprints

The Glorious Company: Lives and Legends of the Twelve and Saint Paul, by Tracy D. Mygatt and Frances Witherspoon, with drawings by Charles O. Naef. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.00.

THE Fioretti stands alone in hagiology as a perfect record of the blending of the human and supernatural elements in the lives of holy men: the result perhaps of a joy close at hand, and of aspiration negligent toward self. Because the circumstances which produced the little book were unique, subsequent hagiologies reverted more and more to the common type—that with which we are too familiar, a dehumanized, and, often, depressing record of holiness put down by some zealous biographer timid of perpetuating the faults and failings of his subject. The result was of course that few people read these stereotyped lives of the saints if they did not have to.

The authors of The Glorious Company have followed the new tradition in hagiology which will not minimize the endearing human frailties of men whose lives were dedicated to God. These thirteen little portraits, including for contrast that of red-haired Judas and for complement that of Saint Paul, are distinctly, and often charmingly human and familiar. Told in the form of stories interwoven with legend and tradition, and sometimes with the authors' own imaginings about certain incidents, the record is very readable, and above all suggestive. Only authors deeply in love with their subjects possess this power of suggestiveness, inviting the reader to "carry on" as he may. "There were days," they write in the foreword, "when the culture of an alien and ancient past seemed to overwhelm us with the sense of how completely lost the Apostles almost at once became even to the loving ecclesiastical hands bent on enshrining them. Plaster saints retiring behind their haloes, or mere pegs for textual criticism, often enough the real men threatened to elude our grasp."

For their material the authors have evidently compassed land and sea, even having recourse, as in the beautiful legend of Saint Thomas on the far coast of the peacocks, and Saint Andrew among the man-eaters to those wild folk-lore stories—the Arabian Nights of the Christian tradition—which linger among forgotten remnants of the Eastern Church in lonely deserts, or in those half-fabulous cities whose names must have been part of an enchanter's vocabulary.

Yet on the whole the Twelve emerge from this maze of legend, biblical, sound and Catholic, since the authors exhibit strong preference for traditions too often set aside as valueless by Protestant writers—Peter's residence and martyrdom in Rome, for instance. But there are also strange omissions, though this may be due to the overwhelming mass of material from which incidents had to be selected in the interests of popularity rather than scholarship. No mention is made of Saint Andrew's shrine in the cathedral of Amalfi, the reputed burial place of the saint, nor of the quaint customs by which the fishermen of that threatening coast honor their patron, though his connection with Scotland is elaborated through some charming legends.

The book has, however, many links with the traditions of the Catholic Church. Warm and reverent in its search for the footprints of the Twelve, it is a noteworthy addition to the new biographies, both secular and religious, which can bear any weight but that of dead formalism.

Mr. Naef's black and white illustrations admirably supplement the dramatic quality of the text.

ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"On our way down the Avenue, my dear Britannicus," remarked Doctor Angelicus, tapping his pipe for a new filling, "perhaps you noted the windows of our numerous antique and curio shops? You no doubt remarked the strong flavor of old Americanism that it has become the fashion to retail to our advanced collectors; the shops given over entirely to Indian curiosities; the windows displaying colonial samplers and the mantel ornaments of crude colors representing yellow and red poodle dogs, glass-topped nails for holding back the lambrequins, macassars of bow-legged varieties, sitting-room lamps of brass and crystal transformed with electrical fittings, brasses and pans, bedwarmers, hammered andirons and hearth utensils, crude prints in color of Washington Crossing the Delaware, Putnam's Jump and The Assassination of Lincoln.

"There were plates of various degrees of hideousness depicting the ride of Paul Revere, Molly Pitcher at the guns, Pocohontas saving the life of Captain John Smith, and Barbara Frietchie waving the flag at Frederick. Old rosewood furniture heavy with carvings of garlands and grapes; the leather hats and pails of the volunteer fire brigade; necklaces and earrings of Bavarian garnets and brooches with locks of dark hair twisted into pictures representing urns and weeping willows. This is all the result of our campaign for the preservation of our own antiquities; it is national and local pride asserting itself in the face of European invasions; it is early Americanism lifting its head, with the renaissance and the eighteenth century for rivals.

"Last week I paid a long-deferred visit to our garret at home and found we had some real treasures for this revival period. There was grandmother's old bronze clock whereon a shepherdess carrying a sheaf of wheat stands ogling a rabbit as tall as herself. Its works are by an early Connecticut clockmaker, and I have had it mended by an old gentleman, the last of his race to tinker with early timepieces. There was also a graphic sculpture of a giraffe reposing, in a grey tone that argued it to be a predecessor of the more sophisticated Rogers groups; there were some glass match holders which I have beautified with some floriegated Hungarian matches, the result being that they have been carried off by Cousin Euphemia for her historic boudoir.

"There were also some iron boot-horns in the form of giant beetles that Andromache appropriated, altogether neither she nor her daughters, Scylla and Charybdis, have ever been known to wear boots except those felt ones they pull over their satin slippers. Some old shaving cups and saucers, and some large teacups with porcelain compartments to shield old Uncle Louis's imperial mustachios were also found beneath the dust, and some mantel-fronts and head-rests woven of rich golden macramé, as well as tapestries on black satin of storks with glass eyes standing in pools of woolen forget-me-nots and velvet cattails. What a jumble of memories and souvenirs! The second-hand dealer will some day fall into a delirium when he discovers our family cachot.

"They tell us to preserve our local traditions, but where are our old houses, our old churches, our old theatres? What has become of the former homes of our great ones—who knows even where they dwelt? Gone are the old schoolhouses; there are children's playgrounds on the roofs twenty stories high, where the old pump is missing. Where are the old parlors in which Edgar Allan Poe so often read The Raven for the first time? The haunts of Nathaniel Willis, Fitzjames O'Brien,

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC
COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART, New York, N. Y.
TWELFTH SUMMER SESSION, JUNE 25—AUGUST 4
Gregorian Form and Aesthetic Principles.
Course given by the RT. REV. ABBOT DOM FERRETTI, O.S.B.
President of the Pontifical Institute of Sacred Music, Rome.
Justine Ward Method of Teaching Music.
Gregorian Chant and Gregorian Accompaniment.
Choir Conducting and Liturgical Singing.
Lectures on the Liturgy—REV. J. ELLIOT ROSS, C.S.P
133rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Telephone Edgecombe 2272

ST. GEORGE CAMP
FOR GIRLS
In southern Wisconsin
Chicago Office, 4545 Drexel Blvd.
MADELINE SEYMOUR, *Director*

COLLEGE OF SAINT ELIZABETH
MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY
A Catholic college for women offering courses leading to Bachelor degrees in arts, science and music. Registered by State Boards of Education in N. Y., N. J. and Pa. Courses in Home Economics and Music. Campus of 400 acres. Tennis, hockey, riding and other sports. *Catalogue*
Address Dean, Box C. Convent Station, New Jersey

MELROSE ACADEMY
School for Girls
Students prepared for COLLEGE ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS
Music, French, Art, Vocal Expression, Physical Culture. Small classes, Melrose Park a beautiful suburb of Philadelphia. 30 acre campus. All outdoor sports. Standard hockey field.
Term begins September 20
Conducted by the Grey Nuns of the Sacred Heart

OUR LADY OF MERCY ACADEMY
SYOSSET—NEW YORK
A Residential and Day School for Girls will open September, 1928. Healthful Location, Modern Equipment, Regents' Requirements. Address the Directress.

IRISH BACON—HAMS
Westphalian Hams—German Frankfurters
IMPORTERS
M. H. GREENEBAUM, Inc.
220 GREENWICH STREET NEW YORK

P is for PEDIFORME
Easy to wear,
Does away with foot ills
If you will take care.
Form fitting shoes
On lasts of good style,
Real comfort you'll know
More reason to smile.
E means the end
Of each bunion and corn
(Take our advice)
(Try PEDIFORME)

Regardless of the nature of your foot troubles "PEDIFORME" Shoes will aid you to regain normalcy. Write for our FREE Style Book K that tells how to overcome foot ills in the natural way.

PEDIFORME SHOE COMPANY
36 W. 36th Street New York
29 Washington Place East Orange, N. J.
322 Livingston Street Brooklyn

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

29th INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS
Sydney, Australia. September 6-9, 1928
Send for Preliminary Announcement of Sailings and Rates to
FARLEY TRAVEL AGENCY
393 Fifth Avenue, New York Phone: Murray Hill 6390
Booklet, Travel Suggestions Europe '28, on Request

URSULINE ACADEMY
Grand Concourse (East 165th Street), New York City
PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Resident and Day Pupils
Boys admitted to the Elementary Departments
Chartered by the University of the State of New York

Academy of Notre Dame
TYNGSBOROUGH, MASSACHUSETTS
A Catholic Boarding School for Girls
Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur
Affiliated to the Catholic University, to Trinity College and to Emmanuel College
The Academy replaces the boarding department of the Academy of Notre Dame, Lowell. It comprises primary, grammar and High School Classes. The two hundred and twenty acres lie among New England hills and woods, affording opportunities for all out-door sports, including boating and horse-back riding.
Address SISTER SUPERIOR

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.
CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN
Ecclesiastical Embroidery
Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches
Old Embroidery Transferred
131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK
Vanderbilt 8761

McCARTHY & SIMON INC
7-9 WEST 36th STREET
JUST OFF FIFTH AVENUE
New York
Caps—Gowns—Hoods
School and College Uniforms and Gym Apparel
Quality Apparel—Specialized Service—Moderate Prices
Samples on Request

BURR PRINTING HOUSE
FOUNDED 1837
FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS
NEW YORK, N. Y.
CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS
AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

Whittier and Longfellow, to mention only the most prominent—the old steps their footprints bore; the old iron railings that sustained them in and out of their parties?

"Need I ask where are the old hotels and public houses when we witness the flocking of our hostelries and theatres above Forty-second Street? Where the dear old churches of our fathers—torn down for the Romanesque and Byzantine contraptions of today? 'Chapels on Skyscrapers,' and 'Put the Cross on Broadway' are now slogans on our very billboards.

"There is no room left even for our haunted houses, and our ghosts must now wander confusedly through radio offices, sweat-shops and bachelor apartments, with not an old stairway to creak under their footsteps and not an old door or transom to flap behind them as they pass. There is no room for even the smallest ghost, except perhaps in some of the older lodging houses and a few of the back alleys that are so brightly illuminated by the police department, where a headless horseman would very likely be further dissected by the milkman's Chevrolet or a used-up Rolls-Royce; and the ghoulish black dogs and wolves of German romances be hurled to kingdom come and silenced amid the cackle of defective cylinders.

"The beautiful spectral damsel that supernaturally drew back the curtains of the old Hale mansion has never appeared since the window-cleaning company took the place over for its office; shutters have also gone from the abodes where precisely at midnight the fiendish shrieks used to be heard. Perhaps the shrieks are still emitted, but with our taxi signals at every corner, and the reverberations of the flat wheels of our trolleys, not even this forceful voicing of the past, the beyond, the spirit-world, is left to us today, or I should say tonight."

Silence fell upon the Library as the old gentleman sadly began to unwrap the brown paper package which he had carried under his arm. "Here, Britannicus, I have brought you an old cigar-holder," and he held out a great leather portmanteau embroidered with wigwam beads to represent the Stars and Stripes. "And here, Amanuensa, is a colonial wooden shell containing my grandaunt's knitting needles. I trust you will be able to use them, or at least keep them in memory of your fond old friend Angelicus."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

CONTRIBUTORS

LEIGHTON H. BLOOD is an American journalist formerly associated with Hearst's International Magazine and the American Legion Monthly. He has served in the American Army as well as in the Foreign Legion.

REV. GEORGE WILLIAM DOUGLAS, examining chaplain for the Episcopal Diocese of New York and Canon of Saint John the Divine, is author of Hints to Sunday School Teachers; Prayers for Children; and Essays in Appreciation.

PATRICIA CROSBY is an occasional contributor to The Commonweal.

VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY is an American poet whose works are collected under the title of Green of the Year.

JOHN DESMOND SHERIDAN is an instructor in a private school near Dublin.

MARY KAY PANGBORN and S. C. N. are new contributors to The Commonweal.

GEORGE ELLISTON, of the staff of the Cincinnati Times-Star, is the author of Everyday Poems; Changing Moods; and Through Many Windows.

FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE THORNTON is a poet and contributor of children's stories to the magazines.

LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY, an Alabaman, is a contributor to current magazines.

SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE is the author of Life in Early Britain; The Church and Science; Scholasticism and Vitalism; and The Romans in Britain.

RODERICK GILL is a New York reviewer.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS was formerly in the American diplomatic service in Korea and Guatemala.

REV. JOHN A. RYAN, professor of moral theology and industrial ethics in the Catholic University of America, is the author of A Living Wage; Social Reconstruction; and The Catholic Church and the Citizen.

JAMES E. TOBIN is a poet and critic, a native of New England.

JOSEPH J. REILLY, a member of the English Department of Hunter College, New York City, is the author of Newman as a Man of Letters.

REV. E. V. O'HARA is an authority on agricultural problems and director of the Catholic Rural Life Bureau.

ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL is the author of The Law of Life; and Carmichael.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED